R. H. S. Crossman on The Shadow Cabinet

THE NEW

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The Frontiers of Co-existence

When Moscow says "turn," everyone turns, and the turn must be 180 degrees. Having decided that the past policy of negation and abuse is earning no dividends, the Kremlin has decided that even critics of the Soviet Union may have honest and peaceful intentions; while Mr. Nehru himself, who has for years been the target of virulent Communist attack in India, is accorded the extraordinary honour of a joint television programme with Bulganin in Moscow. Of all the changes in Russian policy, some of them listed by the Soviet Premier himself in the broadcast, none is more significant of the clearing atmosphere in Russia than the decision to allow a foreign statesman, who has been, and still is, critical of Soviet policy to broadcast his speech at a mass rally to the whole Russian people.

Nehru's speech was, of necessity, mainly an expression of good will. But the Soviet public will not have missed his reference to Gandhi, who was only recently denigrated in the Soviet press. Gandhi, he said, admired Lenin, but "followed another path." Nor, in view of Russia's recent recantation in Belgrade, could anyone in the Kremlin object to his reminder that people "cannot develop their talents under alien rule." The nations can learn from each other, he said, but "whatever form Socialism or democracy may assume, it must respect the rights of others."

The moment platitudes about peace and co-existence give way to definition of specific issues, we see how complex the problems of co-existence really are. The Big Four will find agreement on disarmament and compromises over Formosa and Germany difficult enough. The passionate belief in the West, that Poland, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria and Czechoslovakia, should all have the freedom that Yugoslavia has won for itself, raises the most tricky problem of all. Attacks on "Russian imperialism" in Eastern Europe can be met by counter-thrusts by Molotov.

If, for example, Russia maintains her existing military positions in Eastern Europe, what about American bases designed to facilitate the bombing of Russia? If we accuse the Soviet Union of imperialism in Eastern Europe, what about Western imperialism in Kenya, Malaya, Guatemala, Cyprus, and a score of other territories? And again, how can America defend its organisation of exiles from Eastern European countries? A great sum in dollars is spent every year on the training of young people from Eastern Europe in Strasbourg, and a vast propaganda and subversive organisation exists in Munich. If the Russians are then reminded of Communist infiltration and propaganda all over the world, Moscow has the answer that it is easy to abolish the Cominform, but that Communism is indigenous in each country; that it springs from the economic forces of history and grows in suitable soil with or without Soviet encouragement. Perhaps agreement could be sought on the lines that the West has the right to preach to Eastern Europe the advantages of freedom of speech, of security from arbitrary arrest, of two-party government, and of the other achievements of bourgeois democracy, just as Russia is justified in world-wide propaganda against colour bars and the exploitation of coloured peoples; but that neither, if co-existence is to continue, may organise intervention in the sphere of influence of the other.

Co-existence means first an agreement not to go to war. But, if it is to be more than a temporary relaxation of tension, it must also mean the extension of large areas which are less and less dominated by the Great Power blocs. There cannot long be co-existence between two vast, armed, monolithic groups, unless, between them, there are continental areas like India and South-East Asia in the East, and Germany and Central Europe in the West, which, though perhaps armed, are not militarily committed and not available as Great Power bases.

The News in Review

At Home

THE use by the Government of the threat of call-up as a strike-breaking weapon in the seamen's strike is an unprecedented and most undesirable step. True, as Sir Walter Monckton was at pains to remind the Commons, it is the job of the Merchant Navy Establishment Administration to notify the Minister when a man is no longer registered as a merchant seaman. But it is entirely up to the Minister how quickly the call-up machinery is set in motion; and whatever the legal justification for Sir Walter's action, his decision to issue the warning of call-up during the run of the strike can be interpreted only as a deliberate and arbitrary use of Government power to intimidate the strikers. As we go to press, the re-signing of a number of the Liverpool strikers—and the sailing of two more Cunarders—suggests that the threat has been effective. Behind the Minister lies the support, publicly expressed by its general secretary, of the National Union of Seamen, which has not only refused to countenance the strike, but is reputed to be anxious to see a great many of the strikers leave the Merchant Service. No doubt many of the young stewards and waiters on the luxury liners are not genuine seamen; and there may be something in the contention of N.U.S. officials that, attracted to the Merchant Service as an alternative to the armed forces, they tend to be troublesome misfits among the real mariners. Nevertheless, their basic grievance about living and working conditions appears to us to have much substance, and the treatment they have received from the combination of employers, union and Government has deprived them of any real prospect of redress. Mr. Sydney Silverman raised a useful point in the Commons, suggesting that seamen might be retained on the register while unemployed through a trade dispute.

THE stevedores' strike has become almost farcical in its confusion. Last week-end, both Mr. Barrett, the N.A.S.D. General Secretary, who announced his resignation on Wednesday evening, and Mr. Newman, his assistant, indicated that they favoured an immediate resumption of work. So, on Tuesday, did a delegate meeting of London members, who voted to return to work next Monday. As we go to press, however, the temper of the Northern men is still militant, and all the affected ports outside London have voted to continue the strike, regardless of the London decision. Indeed there is even the hint—however irresponsible—of yet another break-away, this time from the N.A.S.D., by the very men who have already broken away from the T. and G.W. Meanwhile, the T.U.C.—having re-admitted the N.A.S.D. to membership—has agreed that its Disputes Committee should this week-end arbitrate upon the rightful fate of the ten thousand members whom the N.A.S.D. is alleged to have poached from the T. and G.W. Any intervention by the T.U.C., however, remains rather unreal until and unless the leadership of the N.A.S.D. can re-establish its authority over the men it claims to represent.

LORD JUSTICE MORRIS'S award to the footplate men—ranging from three-fifths of the original claim for engine drivers of over three years' service down to nothing at all for the senior firemen—must have been a bitter disappointment for A.S.L.E.F. The union has, in fact, done only a little better than it would have done without the strike. Nevertheless, bound by his undertaking, Mr. Baty has accepted the decision with a good grace, observing justly that it is a small step in the right direction. He and Mr. Campbell now face the further task of negotiating with the Transport Commission about increased mileage rates. The Morris award is bound to leave a feeling of great dissatisfaction among the rank-and-file in the engine-sheds. As we observed last week, the strike settlement does no more than provide a breathing space, during which the underlying economic problems of the railways can be tackled if the Government has a mind to do so.

ON Monday, the Prime Minister confessed that the U.S. Atomic Energy Act limited the scope of the new agreements on the exchange of military and civil atomic data, but told Parliament that these reciprocal agreements would nevertheless be valuable. They should, in fact, lead to much easier interchange of scientific information and help scientists to avoid wasteful duplication of their work. President Eisenhower's renewed offer of help in peaceful nuclear development for countries without adequate resources is another step in a similar and sensible direction. Yet, in many ways, the exclusion of atomic weapons from the agreements means that the situation remains unchanged on the most vital issues. Partners in military and political planning, Britain and the U.S. are still to duplicate their research and manufacture of nuclear bombs, strategic bombers and rocket missiles. Since U.S. law prohibits exchange in this field, the British Government has the choice of forgoing such weapons, or making them for itself at great expense and by diverting resources which a comprehensive interchange would release for more constructive work.

ANSWERING eight questions in Parliament last Thursday, all of them dealing with identical tenders in goods as diverse as metal windows, chain-link fencing, petrol prices and hydro-electrical equipment, the President of the Board of Trade announced that he proposed to refer a new group of products to the Monopolies Commission. These are steel frames for buildings, tea, chemical fertilisers, electric batteries and street lighting equipment. No inquiry is to be made into the price of oil products, despite pressure of some Opposition Members—notably Mr. Stokes, who from great knowledge of the industry holds that it urgently needs the attentions of the Commission.

Overseas

IN choosing the moment of President Peron's excommunication for a counter-revolutionary *putsch*, the Argentine naval officers misjudged the situation. They could count on no support apart from the Conservative oligarchy—from whose ranks naval officers are traditionally drawn—and from ardent Catholics. The main opposition to Peron in the past has come from the Radicals and Socialists; yet both groups support the President's campaign against the Church on anti-clerical grounds, and dislike the old aristocracy more than they disapprove of Peron. The workers, on the whole, are loyal to the regime; so are the rank-and-file of the conscript servicemen. And the Army officers, most of whom owe much personally to Peron, have been called the "shopkeepers' reserve"—they are anti-clerical, anti-oligarchy, anti-Navy. General Franklin Lucero, whose first name reveals his family background, is a most unlikely person to be built up by foreign correspondents as the saviour of the Church and Nation: he is a lifelong intimate and colleague of Peron. In this situation, this revolt had no more hope of success than the abortive plots organised by the Navy in 1949, 1951 and 1953.

This week the press has carried rumours and reports that the Argentine military have called off the campaign against the Church. Yet such interpretations overlook the fact that the plans for separating Church and State are still being pressed. Within four months, a Constituent Assembly is to be called for this purpose, and, among other intended changes, it is proposed that membership of the Catholic Church shall no longer be a condition of election to high office. Peron's programme has undoubtedly rallied the traditional anti-clericalism which has run through all social and nationalist movements in Latin America. He has made divorce possible for the poor as well as for the rich; he has removed the disqualifications for election and inheritance that the Church-inspired law placed upon illegitimate children; and he has repealed the Church's tax exemption. Reactionary officers are unlikely to arouse much popular support by rising against such measures, and there is no reason to believe that the high Army officers would risk a clash between their units—which are mainly pro-Peron—and the thousands of Peronist militants in the unions on whom the President would call once again if he was seriously threatened.

THE Kenya Government announced on Tuesday the withdrawal of its emergency ban on African political organisations. In future, these are to be based on district associations with autonomous constitutions. These associations are expected to group themselves into conventions in each African representational area. Later on, these district conventions may be permitted to form central conventions. The Government hopes that its proposals will encourage "a simple orderly development of African political life," and ensure that political associations "grow from the bottom" rather than filter down from a single central organisation such as the Kenya African Union. The new development has been welcomed by Mr. Mathu, for the Africans, and Mr. Patel as spokesman of the Asian community.

AT the beginning of this week, three more bomb attacks were made in Cyprus—two in bars frequented by British troops in Nicosia and Famagusta, and the third and largest, with the only casualties, on a Nicosia police station. In each case the attacks seemed to have been launched by terrorists belonging to the extreme wing of the Enosis movement. Meanwhile, the Turkish community has protested that its "right of existence" is threatened by Greek extremists and in a cable to Sir Anthony Eden has asked "does the Government expect the Turkish community to take steps to defend its own life and property?" The question is addressed to the right quarter. The increasing bitterness between Greeks and Turks, as well as the rising hostility towards Britain, has developed out of the present Government's decision to place its Middle East H.Q. in Cyprus and to deny to Cypriots for ever the right of self-determination.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Singapore

The Strikes

Our Correspondent writes: This is the story, in outline, of Singapore's threatened general strike. The trouble began with the decision of three young self-styled labour leaders to organise support for the strike of the clerks at the Singapore Harbour Board. This strike, conducted by a sensible and democratically run trade union, has been going on for more than six weeks. Much of what they ask for is reasonable, and most likely will be conceded. Harbour Board officials should never have allowed the strike to go on so long. Unasked, Mr. Lim Ching Siong, 22-year-old Assemblyman; Devan Nair, formerly detained as a Communist suspect; and S. Woodhull, secretary of the 10,000 strong Naval Base Workers, threatened a general strike until the demands of the clerks were met.

Now, sympathetic strikes are illegal, but instead of doing something about that, Mr. Marshall had discussions with this triumvirate. At the same time all the buses went off the streets. Two thousand drivers and conductors said they wanted to be in court (which holds 200) when a conductor was charged with cheating the company. That same night news was circulated that Mr. Marshall had done some sort of deal, with the three young men holding a pistol to his head, and that, consequently, there would be no general strike. Early the next morning we were all surprised to learn that the secretary of the Bus Workers Union had been arrested, together with five other unionists, and that the premises of the Factory and Shop Workers Union had been raided.

This angered Lim, Nair and Woodhull, and the call went out for a general strike, this time to protest against the arrest of the six unionists under the hated Emergency Regulations. More than 100,000 workers ignored the call. Significantly, among the unions which refused to have any part of the general strike was Woodhull's own union. However, 17,000 men and women stopped work, closing about 100 factories and workplaces, and bringing all public buses to a halt. After five days, running out of money (no one except union officials got any pay) and bored (not sure what it was all about), they began to drift back. Seizing upon the reminder that detention under the Emergency Regulations must, by law, be reviewed after 14 days, Lim, Nair and Woodhull hurriedly recommended the men to go back to work, at least until Marshall had done the reviewing and either unconditionally released the arrested men or brought them up in court for trial.

Here, briefly, are the reasons why Mr. Marshall's mainly elected government has known nothing except labour trouble—it's much too easy to blame the Communists: (a) Singapore has got rid of a colonial government; (b) most workers are underpaid and live in squalor; (c) intemperate electioneering speeches by Marshall and others promised the workers a new paradise; (d) a Labour Front Government is now in office, and the workers believe their grievances will be more sympathetically considered; (e) the Emergency Regulations are hated, and Marshall, having promised to abolish them, erred in making use of them against unionists; (f) the Labour Front Government and the Peoples Action Party are struggling for control of the unions for political purposes; (g) within the Peoples Action Party there is an extreme group which can, independently of the Party, influence certain unions; (h) few trade union officials properly understand democratic trade unionism, and are inclined to look upon themselves as self-appointed "labour leaders" rather than as servants of democratic unions; (i) the secret Malayan Communist Party has vowed to infiltrate trade unions and exploit justifiable grievances.

Paris

Intimations of a New Line?

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Last week's annual conference of the C.G.T., the Communist-dominated trades union federation, was a political event of the first importance. For the first time since 1947, when the Socialists left the federation, the C.G.T. discussed its policy differences in public; and the "reformist" minority, led by Pierre Le Brun, appears to have achieved at least a partial victory. The conflict centred around the so-called "Economic Programme" which Le Brun presented to the congress. This, as its author pointed out, is a compromise between "democratic Socialism" and "Socialist planning": it lists specific long-term objectives, such as the extension of public ownership and industrial reconversion and investment, and advocates "planned wage-increases within the framework of the programme." As such, it assumes that working-class living standards can be raised within the framework of a capitalist society, and that such a society can best be transformed by legislation. It therefore further assumes that the C.G.T. should ally itself with the non-Communist unions, and with the "progressive" bourgeois parties, on the basis of an agreed legislative programme.

In his report to the congress, M. Benoît Frachon, the C.G.T. Secretary General, roundly denounced M. Le Brun's thesis. It was, he said, "Utopian and Mendèsiste": nationalisation of industry and state planning within the capitalist framework had proved a failure in France, and working-class living standards had continued to decline since the war. "Our objective," he concluded, "should not be a Popular Front, but a People's Democracy." As was expected, most of the speakers at the congress echoed M. Frachon's views. M. Le Brun, however, received a surprising amount of encouragement, notably from the Printers' Union, which has a more successful post-war record, both in wage increases and in membership, than any other C.G.T.-affiliated union (indeed, in general, M. Le Brun's thesis was supported by unions with increasing membership and denounced by those whose membership is declining). Although it would be an exaggeration to say that the "reformists" won round the congress—the platform deliberately refused to take a vote on any clear-cut issue—some 35 per cent. of the delegates abstained from voting on M. Frachon's condemnatory report. Moreover, the "reformists" now appear to be more strongly represented than before on the various committees. Finally, and most significant, M. Le Brun succeeded, in committee, in obtaining substantial amendments to the new C.G.T. programme, which now states that the Economic Programme "may well become useful and necessary in that it may correspond to the exigencies of a new situation." It is an arguable point whether this means, as *Le Monde* wrote, that "democracy is making progress in the C.G.T." but it certainly seems to imply that the C.P. leaders are actively preparing for a major change in policy.

Westminster

The Strike Breakers

When Alderman David Logan rose to ask his supplementaries about the call-up of strikers, the Prime Minister's eyes opened another quarter. For at eighty-three, Logan ("Davey" to his acquaintances, Mr. Logan to his friends) has a special prestige. His years demand the respect and require a latitude which only a few Members would claim. His profession—he was a licensed pawnbroker—gives you the feeling that you could leave your trousers in his hands with absolute security.

No one indeed can put questions more lucidly and affirmatively. And the House, normally impatient of those who lecture it at Question Time rather than inquire, heard this plain-dealer with attention. After all, Mr. Logan doesn't speak often, but when he does, he says it blunt.

In face of this dignified fundamental protest against the Government's abuse of its powers, Sir Walter Monckton's reply seemed shallow and legalistic. But as the tasks of the Ministry of Labour front-men become less wholesome, the familiar unguents begin to lose their efficacy. If Eden is responsible for creating a genus of Foreign Office Smoothies, Monckton must take credit for the Ministry of Labour's Blandies. But Blandiness is a diminishing asset, if it is accompanied by damaging action. Nowadays when Sir Walter approaches the despatch box, he is beginning to assume the air of a smiling throttler.

This time the Opposition saw him coming, and let out a yelp. Quick as a flash, back-bencher Shinwell was in there pitching. If as a front-bencher, his back-bench friends complained of him that he took too much of their time, now they could only object that he did so on equal terms. No one in the House has so intimate a knowledge of the seamen's union as Shinwell, and his questions clearly worried the Tories.

But it was Reggie Paget who pressed the trigger. Paget never minces words; he just grinds them into chunks. The Government, he said, in his unmistakable enunciation, was using the call-up as an anti-strike weapon. These words in conjunction with Paget's Old Etonian tie finally shattered the Tory morale.

But then, like an object lesson to Labour in how these things should be done, Lloyd George dramatically appeared at the Bar of the House. A Message from the Queen! Signed by Her Own Hand! The Home Secretary advanced—and handed it to Mr. Speaker, who read the Message aloud. The Emergency was over!

That's it. In Liverpool strikers were being called up. And the Emergency was over. The Tories who had preserved a contented silence during the exchanges between Minister and Opposition turned with relief to the debate on the Colonies. But Labour Members, aroused and indignant at the Government's slick use of strong-arm methods—the Imperial technique applied to domestic affairs, union against union and worker against worker—went on their way muttering.

Eminent among the mutterers were Collins and Lipton. They had personally been led to believe by Watkinson, the Blandiest of Monckton's juniors, during the National Service Debate that merchant seamen would not be called up. And here—now—well! The T.U.C. members were also muttering. Their thoughts were less on Liverpool and the seamen than on what tomorrow would bring for their own unions. At last they could hear the Tory machinery. It was audible despite the oil.

MAURICE EDELMAN

Trieste

Between Tito and Togliatti

Our Rome Correspondent writes: There are interesting developments in Trieste as a result of the Belgrade conference. Vidali, the Trieste Communist leader, had officially stated that he could not agree with Krushchev's assessment of the Yugoslav regime. Luigi Longo, the deputy-secretary of the Italian Communist Party, then issued a statement condemning Vidali's declaration as "hasty and inaccurate." Longo added that nobody had asked the Trieste party to disavow their eight years' struggle against the "Titoists." The head of Togliatti's secretariat, Signor Amadesi (who fought with Longo and Vidali in Spain), rushed to Trieste to clarify things. A statement by Vidali in *Unità* did little to help because Vidali did not withdraw his most serious point—although there was perhaps a trace of auto-criticism.

His original article in *Lavoratore* declared: "Our surprise at Krushchev's affirmation has shaken our party like the 'bora' (north-wind) shakes our trees. . . . A document like the Resolution of 1948 had been formulating itself in our minds for years on the basis of our experience. We had all been convinced for a long time that it was not Marxism-Leninism that was being applied in our territory and in the neighbouring country. . . . It was unleashed nationalism, disguised as Socialism; it was adventurism, sectarianism, political and physical terrorism. We made the Cominform Resolution valid with our documents, our suffering and experience, without the intervention of a Beria and agents of Imperialism. . . . The Trieste workers are proud of their struggle to construct the party on the basis of Marxism, Leninism and Stalinism. . . . This is why we cannot agree with the declaration of Comrade Krushchev. . . . But let it be clear that if we were convinced, like Comrade Krushchev, of having made a mistake, of having judged by documents later proved false or fabricated by agents of Imperialism, we would not hesitate a moment to agree with the declaration of Comrade Krushchev."

Vittorio Vidali, an Italian, was born near Trieste in 1900. His first arrest followed the Fascist burning down of the trade union premises in Trieste in 1919. In 1921 he played a "Dimitrov" role in the Fascist courtroom, calling on "Slavs and Italians to unite in a fight for freedom." Later that year, having escaped to the U.S. via Algeria, he founded another *Lavoratore* at Chicago. In Mexico he was a leader of the "anti-Imperialist League of the Americas." Following the assassination of Trotsky, the Mexican police arrested Vidali for it and imprisoned him in a well for 90 days, after which he was tried and acquitted. 1930 saw him, with Longo and Chou En-lai, at the military academy in Moscow. In 1936 he was already in Spain where, as "Commander Carlos," he organised the 5th Regt. at Madrid. Although seriously wounded during the defence of Madrid, he lived to cover the retreat of the Republican army in Catalonia with his assault battalions. Vidali and Longo led the battle of Guadalajara, the greatest defeat of Mussolini's blackshirts during the Spanish war. Vidali returned to Trieste in 1947, when Communist leaders already knew that the break with Tito was coming.

Krushchev's statement at Belgrade put Vidali in the most dramatic situation of his life. Since 1948 the Trieste party had been at daggers drawn with Tito. But the most important point to note about Vidali's rebellion was that he was not rebelling against the Yugoslav-Soviet rapprochement. The general lines of Krushchev's speech could not have been a surprise for Vidali. During his speech at Trieste on May Day, Togliatti said there was no point in further recrimination between the Cominform parties and Yugoslavia, and the fact that he said it standing next to Vidali indicated that the latter was not raising any serious objections. The unification of Germany, and the effects of the Belgrade meeting on Turkey and Greece, were obviously more important than the anti-Tito struggle at Trieste. What shook the Trieste party like the "bora" was its belief that Krushchev was giving a label of Marxism-Leninism to the Tito "deviation."

During the talks between the Italian C.P. and Vidali following the *Lavoratore* article, the Italians maintained that the Beria-Abakumov passage referred not so much to the Cominform Resolution as to the progressive embitterment that followed between the U.S.S.R. and Yugoslavia. This was one way of surmounting a new ideological problem, but Vidali stuck to his guns. Taking all the liberties of a Marxist reacting in peculiar circumstances, he was concerned first and foremost with the unity of the strong party he had created at Trieste. Within hours of the Krushchev speech the Trieste workers were demanding a statement. Having wrested the Trieste party in 1948 from its Yugoslav leaders, Vidali does not intend to hand it back. This, however, seems to be the way the Yugoslavs are interpreting the Belgrade agreement. The leader of the Yugoslav Communists at Trieste, Eugeni Laurenti, is now to become Editor of the *Corriere di Trieste*, which was until now the organ of the Independence Front, i.e., those in favour of a Free Territory of Trieste. One of Vidali's accusations against the local Tito movement is that some of his Slovene party leaders have been approached with a view to getting them to change allegiance.

It goes without saying that one of Tito's conditions for the Belgrade meeting was that Vidali should be sent away from Trieste. He will be transferred to the Rome secretariat of the Italian C.P., as expert in minority problems, after he has "saved the unity of the working class at Trieste." When the Trieste party becomes a Federation of the Italian party, it will inevitably lose some support. By his action, Vidali has diminished this loss. He has been a good Communist at Trieste, but not so good from Rome's point of view.

Vidali hopes that inside Yugoslavia things will change—the same sort of change that took place in the U.S.S.R. after the execution of Beria. Rankovic, the Yugoslav Minister of Interior, is bitterly disliked by Vidali, and he would like to see the Yugoslav Minister treated like Beria. Emphasising this, Vidali is far from being a "heretic."

Shadow Cabinet or Caucus?

EVER since this new Parliament began, the press has been busily discussing the composition of the "Shadow Cabinet," and most newspaper readers must now believe that the Committee, which is being elected as I write, bears at least some shadowy resemblance to an Opposition Cabinet.

This, of course, is a delusion; the Parliamentary Labour Party's Standing Orders exclude any such possibility. Since a great many of our recent troubles stem from this weakness and are likely to plague us until it is put right, it may be worth while to have a look at the way the Parliamentary Labour Party actually works.

In the first place, it is an autonomous body, which conducts its business independently of the National Executive Committee. Ultimately the parliamentary party is responsible to the annual conference, and this means that any portion of its annual report may be referred back. But, in fact, it completely controls parliamentary strategy; while the National Executive and the annual conference are responsible for the formulation of party policy. Since there is obviously no clear frontier between party policy and parliamentary strategy, one might expect conflict between the two bodies. This is avoided, first, by the fact that the leader and deputy leader, elected at the beginning of each Session by the parliamentary party, are leaders of the whole party; and, secondly, as Mr. Robert McKenzie pointed out in his recent book, by the sheer number of members of the parliamentary party who sit on the executive.

The Standing Orders of this autonomous body are ultra-democratic. Having elected its leader, deputy leader and Chief Whip, it then elects 12 further members of a so-called "Parliamentary Committee," whose job is to consider the business of Parliament and make recommendations to the full party meeting. That meeting is sovereign and takes all its decisions by a majority of those present. These decisions, whatever they may be, are binding on all Labour Members—including the Parliamentary Committee—on threat of expulsion.

We see, therefore, that the Parliamentary Committee is the precise opposite of a Shadow Cabinet. For a Shadow Cabinet would be a team selected by the leader to conduct the business of the alternative Government. Further, it would be functionally divided, with one member appointed by the leader to be shadow Foreign Secretary, another to be shadow Chancellor, and so on; and it would have at its disposal a Shadow Cabinet secretariat to prepare its agenda, conduct the necessary research and present, through the shadow Ministers, papers on the various topics of debate, in which the facts would be summarised and the issues clarified for decision. Nothing of this sort is to be found in the Parliamentary Committee. Since it is elected by ballot, it can never be the balanced team the leader would select. Nor is any effort made to allocate shadow Ministries among its members. Finally, it has no staff of research workers at its disposal for the regular preparation of papers. In sober truth, it is little more than a business committee: executive decision remains with the full party meeting.

There are two troubles about this. In the first place it is a kind of caucus democracy, and that is notoriously unworkable. Crowded once or twice a week into an ill-ventilated room with execrable acoustics, which make anything said on the platform inaudible to the crowd standing at the other end, 277 M.P.s, even if they all were

NEXT WEEK

Hugh Dalton on Taxation

A review of the report of the Royal Commission

G. D. H. COLE

The Right to Strike

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Paris Season

angels and all bothered to attend, could not make all the decisions necessary for an effective parliamentary Opposition. Too often the discussions degenerate into wrangles about trivialities, while on major issues the spokesmen in big debates are left without any party guidance. In the second place, this kind of democracy seems almost deliberately designed to cause "splits." Where everything must be decided by majority vote, the platform is compelled constantly to ask for votes of confidence; and the minority is therefore compelled either to appear disloyal by challenging the platform or, alternatively, to surrender its principles as soon as a vote has been taken.

It was these obvious inconveniences of caucus rule which caused the Labour Party, when in office, to eliminate it altogether. After the 1945 election, Mr. Attlee was re-elected by acclamation, but at that point party democracy came to a full stop. It was made clear not only that the Labour Cabinet would take all the decisions, but that (except on rare occasions, such as the National Service Bill) it would not even formally reveal its policy at the parliamentary party meeting before presenting it to the Commons. Some effort was made to maintain contact with back-benchers while Cabinet policy was being formulated, partly through the so-called "Liaison Committee" and partly through specialist groups. But the principle was clearly established that, under a Labour Government, the Parliamentary Labour Party surrenders executive decision to the Cabinet, and back-benchers must be content to exert as much informal influence upon it as they can.

I think it is fair to state that in this respect the Labour Government handled the parliamentary party much more autocratically than the Tory Government has handled the 1922 Committee. Certainly that committee, on a whole series of occasions, has been able not only to criticise Ministers, but to force the Cabinet to withdraw measures it had announced. But, be that as it may, there is an obvious and inexplicable contrast between the ultra-authoritarian attitude of the Labour leadership to the Parliamentary Labour Party when it is in office and the "party democracy" to which it reverts when it is out of power. One—and by no means the least important—reason why the Opposition is so unimpressive is that its Standing Orders (which were redrafted and reimposed in 1952 in order to suppress the Bevanite group) have also removed the possibility of co-ordinated and effective leadership.

What, then, should be done? Should we scrap the whole idea of an elected Parliamentary Committee and adopt the Tory procedure, under which the leader nominates the Chief Whip and all his advisers in the Shadow Cabinet? In that case the party meeting would become merely an informal gathering of back-benchers (like the 1922 Committee), which the Shadow Cabinet only attends by invitation. Few Socialist Members of Parliament would, I think, agree to this complete acceptance of the "leadership principle"; and anyway the new Parliamentary Committee has been elected for a Session which seems likely to last until next autumn.

What is much more practicable is an attempt to modify the working of the present system so as to build up an effective leadership. It should be possible, for instance, without doing anything so formal as nominating the shadow Ministers, to see that responsibility for each of all the important areas of policy is allocated to specific members of the new Parliamentary Committee. They, in turn, would have the task of working closely with the back-benchers interested in the topic. The member of the Parliamentary Committee, for instance, in charge of Housing or Education would become chairman of a committee, open to all members of the parliamentary party and would try to turn those who attended regularly into a team, capable of preparing the briefs for the meetings of the Parliamentary Committee and also of sustaining the debates. If these experiments were successful it might be possible in the next Session to advance to a system where, in addition to the existing sessional election, the co-option of other members for certain specific purposes was accepted.

I am conscious that a good many readers will complain that I have been dealing with finicky details of party organisation when the real task before us is "Socialist rethinking." The longer I work in politics, the more convinced I become that the success or failure of British Socialism in the years ahead depends at least as much on organisation as it does on ideas. The most brilliant generals and the bravest soldiers will be defeated in battle after battle if everyone in the army concerns himself with strategy and morale and nobody bothers about administration. The same is true of political warfare. To be effective, an Opposition must not only have a policy but an organisation which enables that policy to be put across. To be an alternative Government, Labour must look and behave like an alternative Government. That it cannot do at Westminster without, as a first step, amending its present Standing Orders.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Thoughts After the Election

MARX'S confident prophecy of the coming victory of Socialism rested on a thoroughly false diagnosis of the development of capitalist society. In the advanced capitalist countries Marx expected two developments which neither have occurred nor show any sign of occurring. He expected the strata of the people who were in between the capitalist bourgeoisie and the proletariat to disappear, because he believed they would be flung down into the proletariat by the further concentration of capitalist ownership of the means of production; and he also expected that the proletariat, thus enlarged, would be plunged into "increasing poverty" by reason of the growingly severe competition for jobs that would come about as capitalism became involved in economic crises of growing severity. In plain fact, however, the intermediate groups between the wealthy bourgeoisie and the impoverished proletariat have increased greatly in both absolute and relative numbers with the further development of capitalism; and the proletarians, as a group, are much better off and much more secure economically than they were in Marx's day.

Everybody who is not wilfully blind knows these facts—at any rate everybody in the Western countries which Marx had primarily in mind. Even devout Marxists have to accept them, if only with a view to explaining them away. But Socialists who call themselves Marxists, as well as Socialists who do not, continue to look forward to the impending downfall of capitalism, and to expect Socialism to replace it, despite the manifest fact that the fundamental arguments Marx used to establish the certainty of this succession have been invalidated by the course of events.

Why and how do such persons expect the victory of Socialism despite the failure of Marx's prophecies? Paradoxically they do so because of the very failure. Since Marx's day increasingly powerful trade unions and Socialist parties have succeeded in improving almost continuously the living conditions of the poorer classes, and in using the State as an instrument for redistributing spendable incomes to the benefit of these classes; and capitalism, for its part, has found outlets for greatly increased production without falling into crises of growing severity or being forced to escape from them by reducing the living standards of the mass of the people. Only for a few years, in the 1930s, did it appear that Marx might have been correct after all, when the United States and Western Europe were plunged into an economic crisis from which there seemed to be no ready way of escape. This crisis, however, was overcome, and left behind it a legacy of new economic techniques which made a recurrence much less likely. Marxism raised its head in the West during these critical years; but much more influential in the capitalist countries were the Keynesian and New Deal doctrines which showed how the crisis could be dealt with by capitalist methods. In view of the success of these new ideas and of the techniques based on them it was sensible to conclude that capitalism was by no means near the end of its tether, and that there was plenty of room left under it for further advances both in working-class standards of living and in the openings for individuals to rise out of the proletariat and add to the diversity of the class-structure instead of being plunged into the proletariat and experiencing with it the increasing poverty which Marx had anticipated.

In this situation it was reasonable to expect a continuance of the existing trends—stronger trade unions and Socialist parties pressing for further instalments of the "Welfare State," and capitalist groups and parties competing with them for popular support by offering improved conditions and social services within the framework of capitalist enterprise. It was reasonable to expect more "welfare"; but it was quite unreasonable to expect that increased welfare would mean the advent of a Socialist society.

It was unreasonable to expect this, because the Socialists, unless they abandoned Socialism, could offer less attractive prospects to the electorate than the advocates of progressive capitalism. The Socialists, no doubt, could offer further improvements in the social services; but so could the capitalists, under Socialist pressure. The capitalists, in addition, could offer sugar plums in the form of prospects of social advancement out of the proletariat and for the intermediate social groups: so that, even if Socialist and Labour parties still received the predominant part of the strictly proletarian vote, their capitalist opponents were likely to poll the great majority of the marginal voters who were intent either on holding on to existing positions of social superiority or on rising out of the proletariat into such positions, which were increasing in both absolute and relative number.

In these circumstances, the Socialist politicians were strongly tempted to abandon Socialism and limit their advocacy to developments of the Welfare State. This policy, however, suffers from the serious disadvantage that it restricts within comparatively narrow limits the promises of increased welfare that can be plausibly made, by excluding those which depend on a change of system for their fulfilment. It thus weakens the appeal the Socialist parties can make to the proletariat, without offering to the marginal voters anything appreciably better than the capitalist parties are able to offer. It does not enable the

Socialist parties to win any appreciable number of marginal seats; and it may even cause them to lose seats by lessening the will of their own supporters to go to the poll and the zeal of their active canvassers and propagandists to persuade them to go. It is improbable that the Socialist parties' abandonment of Socialism will induce many Socialists to vote against them; but it may induce quite a number to abstain. On the other hand, if the Socialist parties refuse to woo the marginal voters by giving up Socialism, they are likely to be beaten by a coalition of conservatives, both those holding socially superior positions and those who are ambitious of rising in the social scale. For Socialism is fundamentally an equalitarian gospel, displeasing to snobs and to those who are intent on personal advancement above their fellow-men.

Thus Socialism, far from being a necessary outcome of current economic trends, in practice runs counter to them both in the subjective sense that the will to fundamental change is weakened by success in improving conditions and opportunities under capitalism and in the objective sense that there is no necessary tendency for capitalism to break down under the stress of its inner contradictions. Marx believed that this objective tendency could be relied on to bring about the subjective conditions needed for the victory of the proletariat in the class war: he did not believe that the subjective conditions could come into existence save under the pressure of the objective factors. Unless capitalism is in fact moving towards its final crisis, there is in Marxism no valid ground for anticipating proletarian victory in the class war; for Marx himself said that no economic system can be destroyed until the possibilities of development within it have been exhausted.

Socialist parties and trade unions, under these conditions, play an indispensable part in keeping capitalist parties up to scratch in bidding against them. Their practical function is to compel capitalism to be tolerably progressive against its will. They may even succeed, on occasions, in winning electoral victories when a large part of the electorate have grown tired of the existing Government; but even so they will get no mandate for introducing Socialism—only, at most, for speedier advances in the welfare field. Their chance of getting support for Socialism, as distinct from welfare measures under capitalism, depends on capitalism ceasing to work with even the limited efficiency it has shown since the upsets of the 1930s. There is, however, no good reason for supposing that capitalism will cease to work—provided it keeps out of war. Capitalist States, if they act together, can now check the onset of economic crisis before it becomes really dangerous, and are unlikely to allow themselves to fall into a depression like that of the 1930s, though they will doubtless continue to have their ups and downs. The prospects for proletarian Socialism are therefore thoroughly unfavourable, except in countries in which capitalism has failed to develop an adequate protective mechanism against economic disaster.

What, then, should the Socialist parties do—accept the role of working, not for Socialism, but for more welfare under capitalism, or kick against the pricks by fighting for a Socialism they can have no real expectation of getting? The first of these policies will keep them mostly in opposition, but with an occasional spell of government office if their antagonists make bad mistakes. The second will condemn them to permanent opposition as long as the existing trends last. On that score there may not seem to be much difference, from a Socialist standpoint. But the case for Socialism is not, fundamentally, either that it is the policy most likely to win majority support or that it is destined to arrive by sheer force of a mysterious historic necessity. The case for it is that capitalism is evil because it is based on encouraging and strengthening the spirit of grab and acquisitiveness in men and is inconsistent with worldwide co-operation to make the best of world resources of means of production and of knowledge of their use. The appeal of Socialism, unlike that of the Welfare State, is not to human selfishness but to the will to work together in a cause common to all mankind. If most men are individually so selfish and unimaginative that such an appeal cannot reach them, real Socialism is impossible; for its victory would be the triumph of such an appeal.

That is why, in two articles I contributed to this journal some months ago, I pleaded for a World Socialist Crusade, based not on national political parties but on dedication to a worldwide cause. Political parties cannot lead in such a matter: they can only follow when the ground has been made ready for them by a great ethical movement appealing to men as men and not as citizens of a particular country or members of a particular class or interest group. I am not asking anyone to abandon his party, even if he is gravely dissatisfied with its doings and aspirations: I am asking men to understand that party is not enough, and that electorates cannot be expected to vote wisely if the main appeal is to their several interests and not to their common humanity and will to do right. This may be dismissed as utopianism; but I think the real utopianism is to go on urging men to vote for a kind of Socialism which most of them clearly do not want and which most political leaders of the Left neither believe them to want nor expect to be able to introduce.

G. D. H. Cole

London Diary

I saw no signs of a new heaven and new earth when I went to the San Francisco Conference ten years ago, but there did seem some reason to hope for a compromise between Russia and the West about many causes of friction and dispute. Also I shared with many others the idea that the Russians and the West might get together on joint development projects in backward areas. We used to talk about a T.V.A. (Tennessee Valley Authority) for the Garden of Eden. If there was a mood of optimism, it was encouraged by our sudden arrival out of the black-out into the brilliance and beauty of San Francisco, where, thanks partly to the climate and partly to the ending of the German war, it seemed possible to be gay half the night and still fresh as the dew (or, at least, as a dry martini) in the morning. Two smashing blows destroyed optimism. Roosevelt's death, just before the Conference opened, changed the whole atmosphere. The Russian notion of co-operation was largely based on the Yalta pattern; they relied on Roosevelt's idea of dividing the world into spheres of influence, in which America and the U.S.S.R. looked like doing well, and Britain, which was always, in Roosevelt's mind, a scheming, Machiavellian imperialism, would be a junior partner.

* * *

The other blow was dealt by the Russians themselves. The British had been backing Mikolajczyk and the anti-Communist Poles and the Russians were trying to persuade the West to recognise the Lublin Government. Whitehall, seeking a compromise, persuaded the Russians to agree to a conference, and, on this understanding, sixteen Poles came out of hiding to confer with Lublin. The Russians promptly arrested them. I well remember Sir Anthony Eden's dismay as he told us about this double-cross. I shared his feeling, for, though I was on the side of Lublin and held that post-war Poland must be Socialist and look to Russia for her future defence, I could not see what hope there could be of agreement if the Russians' notion of diplomacy was to arrest recognised negotiators on their way to their *rendezvous*.

* * *

The present Soviet "line," designed to increase the chances of co-existence, is that Russia has made great mistakes, and wishes to correct them. Let us not waste time arguing about how far this is "sincere," and how far "tactical"; the point is that it offers a real opportunity for plain speaking. One sign of the Soviet effort to correct the mistakes of the last Stalin-Beria period is the improvement in the conditions in the North Russian and Siberian camps, where an unknown number of Russians and foreigners have for many years slaved in shocking conditions; another is that prisoners of foreign nationality from these camps are being repatriated in dribs and drabs. The Japanese are pressing for the return of prisoners who have been there ten years, and, this week, 184 ill-fed and ill-clad Austrians have been returned to Vienna as part of the Treaty settlement. The story of these camps, which has now been told by a number of survivors, is always much the same. People are put away there for one reason or another, and used as convict labour to produce, with the minimum of cost to the State, timber, coal and gold. Unlike Nazi victims, they are not often tortured by sadists, but merely half-starved under the eye of guards who themselves have little to eat. Their miseries are arbitrary and heart-breaking; this is not a Dachau, but rather a Kafka world, from which there is no escape, but where bits of good nature make an almost bizarre relief in the midst of brutal conditions. Why are prisoners now repatriated so slowly and inconsequentially? Of the different explanations I have heard, the most probable is that it takes many months, in the top-heavy bureaucratic system of Russia, to trace persons, screen them, and collect them. The Kremlin has never cared whether these men lived or died, or whether their relatives knew. I doubt if Moscow even now understands which is the most important of the "mistakes" which the Kremlin has to correct. Its worst mistake is to underestimate the importance of quite ordinary human feelings, such as affection and compassion.

* * *

How many of those who complain at the number of West Indians coming to Britain bother to ask why they leave the islands? I'm sure that few of those who protest stop to ask whether British policy may have something to do with it. This week, for instance, I was talking to Mr. Norman Manley, the quiet-spoken Socialist who has recently become Chief Minister of Jamaica, succeeding his rumbustuous cousin and opponent, Mr. Bustamente. Jamaica, he said, needs at least £30 millions of capital investment in the next five years—and he cannot see where he can raise more than £20 millions. Of this, a mere £3½ millions is to come from the Colonial Development and Welfare Fund—whose provisional estimates had to be slashed by more than half in Mr. Butler's economy drive this February. And though Mr. Manley was naturally unable to comment on the talks that he is having with the Colonial Office about the Price Assistance Scheme for bananas and citrus fruits, I hear from other sources that Britain is trying to drive a very hard bargain. It's all very well to set prices that please the British consumer. But anything that further

depresses wages or working conditions in Jamaica is going to lead to more emigration and stimulate the Communists in the island. How many times do we have to be taught the same lesson?

* * *

The death sentence on Mrs. Ruth Ellis at the Old Bailey has attracted so much attention only because of the lurid nature of the case. The Judge could scarcely do other than direct the jury that jealousy is not the kind of provocation that, in English law, can reduce murder to manslaughter; and his ruling turned the defence put up by Mr. Melford Stevenson, Q.C., into a virtual plea of guilty. In France, according to the Report of the Gowers Commission,

> provocation is regarded as an excuse if it is caused by "serious violence against the person" or if a husband kills his wife or her lover immediately on finding them in the act of adultery in the house in which the husband and wife live. The effect is to reduce the sentence to imprisonment for from 1-5 years; this punishment may be further reduced if other mitigating circumstances are present. If the provocation is *not* sufficient to be regarded as an "excuse," it may still be regarded as an extenuating circumstance justifying a reduction in punishment.

Britain has never accepted this French code; but prosecuting counsel conceded that the consideration that "this woman was disgracefully treated" might "well apply elsewhere"—that is, in the mind of the Home Secretary, now considering the question of reprieve.

* * *

I've often nodded approval at the suggestion that all magistrates should visit the prisons now and again, to see for themselves what happens to the adult offenders they sentence. But what then? The implication, no doubt, is that they may pass fewer sentences of imprisonment, and cast about for alternatives. What alternatives? Probation is often unsuitable. Prolonged bail—several months, for example, followed by discharge with a caution, which used to be a favourite with some of the Metropolitan Magistrates—is no longer lawful. The "suspended sentence"? I rather favour this, and it seems to work well enough in continental countries, and have yet to be told why we don't experiment with it here. As for the short prison sentence, it must be half a century since we seriously reconsidered whether it could not be abolished in the case of many non-violent offenders. In any case, can't we do any new thinking before we embark on a new prison-building programme? What is the use, for example, of locking up debtors, wife-maintenance and affiliation cases, wiping out the debts and leaving the wives and mothers unprovided for? The Scots seem to get along very well with their system of attachment of wages. And what is the use of seven days in gaol for chronic drunks, or for the very old, convicted of the offences so often attributable to senility? I can't believe that prison is the best we can do in this day and age, or that we are all too busy and conventional to inquire into it all.

* * *

Everyone who has visited America recently comes back with stories to illustrate the way in which the political mood has changed for the better. I take this one from a report made by Leo Huberman, one of the editors of *Monthly Review*, who has just toured fifteen big American cities that he last visited just over a year ago. He quotes a night-club entertainer in San Francisco who said: "It's not McCarthy*ism* but McCarthy*wasm*." The comedian, Huberman adds, boasted that America was not taking any guff from the Iron Curtain countries. "No, Sir. Every time they lock up an American, we hit right back. We go out and lock up another American." Huberman comments that a year ago no one would have made such comments in a public place. Today, this comic has just been signed by a big television network for a national programme.

CRITIC

Nostalgia

Can we recover the mental outlook of 1945?—Mr. Macmillan at San Francisco, June 21.

Can we go back to the start again,
The years between forget?
All found a common purpose then,
When the United Nations met,
Standing against a common threat,
Strong in unswerving loyalty,
To fight the common enemy.

Can we pass over the years between,
As for that dawn we sigh?
Clouds soon covered the hopeful scene,
And nations felt, though they knew not why,
That strife had severed the common tie,
After united victory
Removed the common enemy.

Peace, though promised to all mankind,
Seemed further than before;
Though Member Nations the Charter signed,
Though they collectively went to war,
Common purpose was theirs no more,
Because they never could agree
To name the common enemy.

Can we recapture the point of view
Of ten long years ago,
Before the world had been split in two—
Knowing now, what we did not know—
That the only bond was the common foe?
United Nations were all at sea,
Without a common enemy.

We must admit it is now too late;
However hard we strive,
However we yearn for that distant date,
No backward journey will now revive
The outlook of Nineteen-forty-five.
War and peace again may be,
But never a common enemy.

SAGITTARIUS

This England

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Mrs. Margaret Sutton, 41, told magistrates yesterday: "I never neglect my baby. I take him to the pictures three times a week."—*Daily Express*. (T. Cromey.)

In the restaurant upstairs the Countess of Malmesbury watched two young men throwing strawberries at each other. Another man lay on the floor eating a plate of ice cream.—*Evening Standard*. (A. Binderman.)

I am cutting out that "Well Done London" strip of pictures you published after the rail strike, and I am pasting it in a Book of Remembrance as a tribute to all those who so gallantly carried on during those 17 days.—Letter in *Evening News*. (J. Oliver.)

We can hardly sing Rule, Britannia, while five great transatlantic liners are held up by unofficial strikers.—Letter in *News Chronicle*. (G. Andrew.)

Many a beautiful snap has been ruined by unsightly signs such as "Gentlemen" and many a picture in the garden shows a dustbin in prominent place. A quick glance around will enable you to avoid these and so save later regrets.—*Photo News*. (W. Lock.)

Drink and Driving

THE law about the tipsy motorist has now got itself into a real dilemma. As matters have stood since the High Court decision in *Haines v. Roberts* (1953), a man who leaves a car in a public place is still "in charge of" it, wherever he goes, until he has put it into the charge of somebody else. So the man who feels that alcohol (or a drug) is for the moment likely to impair his driving skill and judgment is confronted, today, with two possible courses, both dangerous: first, get rid of the ignition key and, before he meets a policeman, put so great a distance between himself and his car as to dissociate him from it in every mind but his own; or secondly, get in and drive rapidly home before the police know anything about it. The second is undoubtedly the safer for him, whatever added danger it involves for the public; and even if he is caught, his offence in actually driving carries no greater penalty than he has already incurred by "being in charge."

Few of these problems seemed to darken the dawn of motoring. In 1872, when the first steam carriages were coming on to the roads, Parliament ordained in a new Licensing Act that

> every person who . . . is drunk while in charge on any highway or other public place of any carriage, horse, cattle, or steam engine

should be liable to a forty shilling fine or, if the Court thought a fine too lenient, to a month's imprisonment. The offence was a form of "drunk and disorderly," carrying the same penalties, but in the next thirty years few drunken drivers went to prison "without the option," and most of those who went to prison at all were employed drivers unable to pay fines. In 1903 the Motor Car Act, which introduced driving licences, said (as the Road Traffic Act still says today) that a motorist could be deprived of his driving licence for a time on conviction for "any offence in connection with the driving of a motor vehicle." This included drunkenness. For the next twenty years the need for a licence and, consequentially, the ever-present risk of disqualification, supplied the police with their main weapon against the drunken motorist—who was now being charged under the 1872 Act with "being drunk in charge of a carriage," steam engines having lost favour. But there were few disqualifications, and indeed the ratio of convictions to prosecutions dropped steadily as the motoring community grew in influence, resources, and artfulness. The word "drunk," hitherto specific enough ("intoxicated with strong drink," said the dictionaries) took on the shades of meaning peculiar to comparative words like ill, soft, small, poor, and dirty. Forensic medicine became a department of semantics.

Even after 1925, when a new Criminal Justice Act stepped up the penalties to four months and fifty pounds, the motorist still had a fair chance of acquittal on a drunk and driving charge unless he was insensible and reeking when the police found him at the wheel. Cases were now being tried by judge and jury, and famous medical men, retained for opposing sides, were proving in evidence that the same driver was both drunk and not drunk. The 1929/31 Royal Commission on Licensing deplored this state of the law; and in 1930 the present Road Traffic Act dropped the word "drunk" altogether and provided maximum penalties of six months' imprisonment, plus £100 fine, plus disqualification for life (or in any case for not less than twelve months) for

> any person who, when driving or attempting to drive, or when in charge of, a motor vehicle on a road or other public place is under the influence of drink or a drug to such an extent as to be incapable of having proper control of the vehicle.

Many of us have long known this clause by

heart, but to look at it now is to realise that the only word in it that no-one has yet tried to endow with two or more meanings is "person," a possibility that may await the first motoring escapade by an intelligent monkey.

Consider a few of the better-known interpretations. "Driving" has been held to include steering a vehicle downhill with the petrol tank empty and the engine shut off (*Saycell v. Bool*, 1948), steering for a few yards while other people push (*Shimmell v. Fisher*, 1951), and supervising a learner-driver from the front passenger's seat with one hand on the brake and the other on the steering wheel (*Langman v. Valentine*, 1952). "In charge of" includes a driver who deliberately stops his car because he feels tipsy and goes to sleep (*Duck v. Peacock*, 1949), a man waiting in a passenger's seat, with the ignition key in his pocket, for one of his employees to drive him home (*Jowett-Shooter v. Franklin*, 1949), and a man walking about in a hotel yard and looking for his van (*Leach v. Evans*, 1952). The Scottish Courts have come to a contrary opinion about most of these circumstances, but the way the law is developing in England can be judged from a remark of Lord Goddard's in *Leach v. Evans:*

> It may be that if a man goes to a public house, leaves his car outside or on the car park, and then, getting drunk, asks a friend to go and look after the car for him or take the car home, he has put it in charge of somebody else; but if he has not put the vehicle in charge of somebody else he is in charge of it until he does so. His car is away from home, on the road or in the car park—it matters not which—and he is in charge.

It seems likely, now that the Government has revived the Road Traffic Bill that died with the last Parliament, that some attempt will be made to rationalise the legal state of "being in charge of" a car. At the moment a man whose car is in a public place (which can include a private field on a point-to-point day, or the yard at the back of an inn), and who for the time being would be unfit to have proper control over it if he sat at the wheel, is liable to summary arrest by the police even if he has renounced all intention of driving and is fast asleep in bed. It wouldn't even make any difference, according to *Hopper v. Stansfield* (1946), if the car was incapable of being started owing to low batteries.

Meanwhile it looks as though the Courts (mainly Quarter Sessions and Assizes, for every motorist with a glimmer of a chance elects for jury trial on this charge) are sending more of the offenders to prison. They seem to have popular approval for this, though a cursory study of the reported cases suggests that, as is usual when "exemplary" sentences are being handed out, the choice is falling on the wrong kind of exemplars. Take the case of *Regina v. Kitson* (*The Times*, May 27, 1955), merely because it is the most recent. A man dozing alone in his brother-in-law's stationary car suddenly awoke to find that it was moving. The handbrake was off and the ignition key was not in the switch. Sooner than apply the brake on a greasy road, he steered downhill for 300 yards and stopped on a grass verge. A police car having followed, he was questioned and found to be drunk. At Leeds Quarter Sessions he was sentenced to four months' imprisonment and disqualified for three years, for *driving* while under the influence of drink. And the Court of Criminal Appeal, on 26th May, upheld the conviction and sentence. Yes, someone might have been killed if he had sat still and made no effort to control the car; but even if it seems unfair, the law seems to say, it is for the public good. Mr. Kitson must go to prison *pour encourager les autres*. There will be other such cases; it is always so. The sentences will be sharper when the new Road Traffic Bill goes through. It is an oddity that the maximum prison sentence for this offence is at present six months, though the maximum for dangerous driving on the part of a man who is stone sober is two years; and it is proposed to put the two offences on the same footing.

But prison, I think, is not the answer. It is unconstructive, undiscriminating, and in some cases barbaric: it is also too easy. Prolonged—even lifelong—disqualification is a more civilised sanction, subserving the whole purpose of a licensing system. It is also better than the proposal in the Road Traffic Bill to make all such offenders carry "L" plates until they have passed another driving test; this makes the driving test a punishment and an ignominy, and the drunkenness is unlikely to have had much to do with motoring ability.

But the law is obviously in a state of uncertainty and change. Section 15 of the Road Traffic Act, 1930 (I quote it above) is being subjected to such intense judicial parsing and analysis that its parts have become more important than its whole, and a tipsy man who is theoretically "in charge" of a vehicle (though he may be nowhere near it) is punished whether or not there was the remotest likelihood that he would have proceeded to assume "control" over it, and whether or not the assumption of control by anybody would have been necessary or even possible. The factual problem arises rather from the vast increase of motoring than from any quantitative increase in what motorists drink: the legal problem, on the other hand, arises because the moral disapprobation felt by men at times when they are neither driving nor drinking has not yet found a coherent formula. Meanwhile, every good policeman regards every car outside every pub as a possibility to be watched with close interest.

C. H. Rolph

New Hope for India's Villages?

Mahatma Gandhi wasn't the first person to discover that the only way India could raise herself up in the world was by making the sap flow again in her villages. Other people had found out the same thing. Some had even practised it in a small way in isolated groups of villages, without, of course, leaving any noticeable impression in a country of 550,000 villages.

Gandhi's genius lay in making village-uplift a national question, getting it accepted in the programme of the largest political party of the country and gathering a band of devoted and (what is more) efficient followers who went out and tried to live the model village life. Gandhi, however, thought in somewhat simplified terms of village self-sufficiency and simplicity. There remained a nagging suspicion that what was wanted was some kind of decentralised development to bring industrialisation and mechanisation to the villages without the curses of lop-sided urban concentration.

But no one had a clue how to set about it in countrywide scale until the Americans came along with their idea of Community Development. When the Ford Foundation in 1951 opened up 15 Community Project pilot centres and ran them for a year, the Government of India watched their working, pondered over its own experience elsewhere and decided it had found the magic formula. American Point Four aid offered for the scheme through Chester Bowles, the most imaginative Ambassador the U.S. has sent to India, though not overwhelmingly important financially, came in very useful in other ways and the project was launched in 1952 on October 2, Gandhi's birthday.

The Community Project scheme has the virtue of being simple. A project is divided into three blocks each covering a hundred villages. Roughly £167,000 was to be spent on each block in three years. In a revised estimate, more recent blocks will cost about £116,000. Villages not covered by Community Projects will be served by National Extension Service Blocks where the amount spent is about £58,000 per block in three years and the development is not as intensive. At the moment 99,292 Indian villages (population 62.2 million) are covered, 32,957 by 220 Community Project blocks and 66,335 by 608 National Extension Service blocks. If everything goes as planned, then by 1961, the end of the second plan period, every village in the country should come under one of the two schemes.

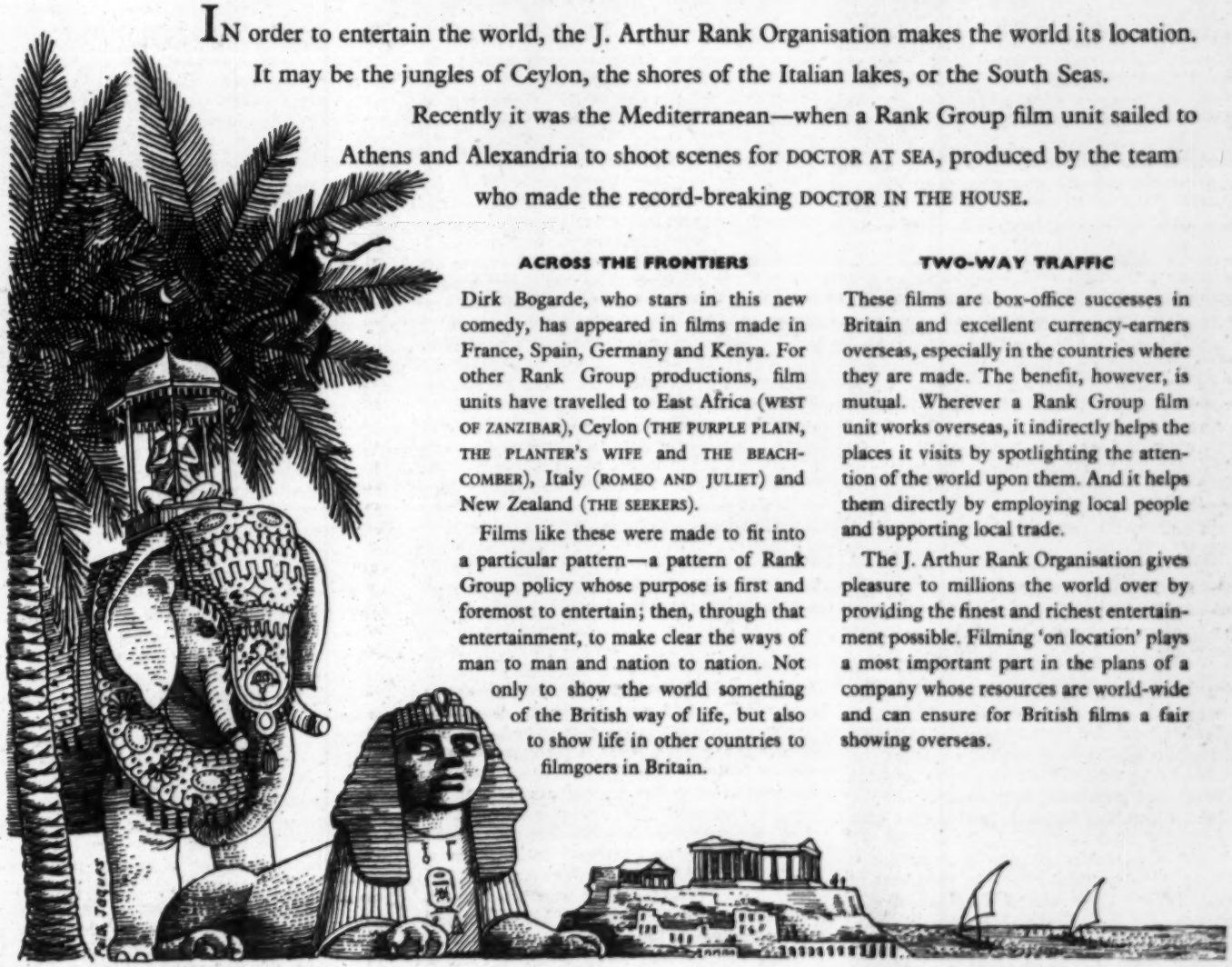
Put this way the idea sounds foolproof, a magical way of vitalising India's villages. And it has shown results. In Punjab villages not far from Delhi I have seen clean, paved lanes which used to be filthy quagmires in the rains and no less filthy dustpits at other times. The village Panchayat Ghars (meeting place of the elected village government) are solid buildings, often also the community centres, with a wireless (normally a battery set, for electricity is not widespread), magazines and pamphlets in simple Hindi spread out over a table—saying how teeth should be taken care of or advising how to raise a bumper crop of chillies. Adult education classes are often held in panchayat buildings and the village-level social-worker who sometimes lives there distributes simple medicines. In every block one can find veterinary centres and lady health visitors.

I must admit it was heartening to see the village refuse finding its way to soakage pits, protected wells raised above ground level, numerous school buildings going up, young people bashing away at volley ball and proud mothers at baby shows exhibiting infants who bawled indignantly if anyone touched their tightly clutched prizes. One look at water gushing into fields from electric pumps would convince the visitor that the day of the bullock- or camel-turned Persian Wheel was almost over—though it would still linger on for a considerable time while electricity reached every village.

But it wouldn't do to be taken in too much by catalogues of achievements and signs of apparent animation. Tradition dies hard in India and is nowhere more strongly entrenched than in the villages. Caste is a reality there and so is the inferior status of women. Most marriages take place between boys and girls younger than the statutory 18 and 15. So a sceptical approach would be better. Take village reconstruction as a general question. Reconstruction, it hardly needs explaining, can come only from the co-operation and voluntary labour of the villagers themselves determined to turn all help offered to advantage. I am not sure this co-operative spirit has yet caught on in the Indian village, the tradition of caste divisions and group factions is still pretty strong.

So whatever the estimate of voluntary participation—officially it is given out to be high, 55 per cent. of Government expenditure in Extension blocks and 43 per cent. in Community Projects—it is wise to bear in mind the realities of Indian village society and to remind oneself of the wastages and delays likely in such a situation. Evaluation reports from many States show that

IN order to entertain the world, the J. Arthur Rank Organisation makes the world its location. It may be the jungles of Ceylon, the shores of the Italian lakes, or the South Seas. Recently it was the Mediterranean—when a Rank Group film unit sailed to Athens and Alexandria to shoot scenes for DOCTOR AT SEA, produced by the team who made the record-breaking DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE.



ACROSS THE FRONTIERS

Dirk Bogarde, who stars in this new comedy, has appeared in films made in France, Spain, Germany and Kenya. For other Rank Group productions, film units have travelled to East Africa (WEST OF ZANZIBAR), Ceylon (THE PURPLE PLAIN, THE PLANTER'S WIFE and THE BEACHCOMBER), Italy (ROMEO AND JULIET) and New Zealand (THE SEEKERS).

Films like these were made to fit into a particular pattern—a pattern of Rank Group policy whose purpose is first and foremost to entertain; then, through that entertainment, to make clear the ways of man to man and nation to nation. Not only to show the world something of the British way of life, but also to show life in other countries to filmgoers in Britain.

TWO-WAY TRAFFIC

These films are box-office successes in Britain and excellent currency-earners overseas, especially in the countries where they are made. The benefit, however, is mutual. Wherever a Rank Group film unit works overseas, it indirectly helps the places it visits by spotlighting the attention of the world upon them. And it helps them directly by employing local people and supporting local trade.

The J. Arthur Rank Organisation gives pleasure to millions the world over by providing the finest and richest entertainment possible. Filming 'on location' plays a most important part in the plans of a company whose resources are world-wide and can ensure for British films a fair showing overseas.

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the village-level social-worker, the kingpin of the whole system, who should have less to look after than the five-ten villages he has now, is not doing too well. His training is inadequate, his interests are limited and a good proportion of the villagers are unaware that any scheme is on. At present the training position is unsatisfactory. At the end of the first Plan in 1956 there should be 84,000 trained people in the villages. Now there are 13,000. At this rate the target of 350,000 trained people by 1961 seems astronomic.

Nor is this the only unsolved problem. Very recently a committee of the Reserve Bank of India reported on a problem which has long been the bugbear of India village economy, rural credit. It found that Government and Co-operatives (usually the most effective sources in other countries) accounted for no more than 7.3 per cent. of the total rural credit—a total which is in any case not large and dominated moreover by the village money-lender with his exorbitant interest rates. That was the composite picture; the local pattern is also illuminating. The Community Projects Administration brings to the notice of the villager better ploughs, tractors, manure and electricity, but all these cost money. The Administration has authority to advance a considerable amount of money but only against security. So those who probably need loans most don't get them, the rich do and can get richer. I saw one result of this policy in a Punjab village which had eight tractors because individually wealthy farmers could afford them, while its neighbouring villages often had one tractor or none. A village house I saw under construction was an elaborate affair because four brothers had combined securities to take a loan for it. But a house like that wasn't necessary in a village and in any case Community Project money could find much better uses than building village mansions. Compared to America, where community development succeeded primarily because of credit facilities and supplies, this is rather a melancholy state of affairs.

The recent Rural Credit Survey advises loans against crop security which should prove more equitable, although the landless, who form about 30 per cent. of the rural population, will remain excluded. The Government's big step recently has been to nationalise the Imperial Bank of India, the largest commercial bank, which has always enjoyed semi-official status. The Government is going to turn it into a State Bank with a large number of branches in the countryside and with the particular function of feeding rural credit. A map of India with development blocks filled in looks impressive. But some blocks are much more advanced than others; and it is difficult not to remind oneself that the whole scheme is manned by paid officials who may be no more public-spirited than jaded bureaucrats.

The big question, however, goes deeper than an evaluation of the work so far accomplished: when the Community Projects Administration winds up its programme, when its apparatus of Project Officers, Agricultural Advisers, Social Education Officers, Doctors, Health Visitors, Veterinary Advisers, Co-operative Panchayat Inspectors, jeeps and station-wagons move out, when the liberal spending of Project funds comes to an end, will the work be carried on by the villagers themselves at anything like the present tempo? Or will they again fall into their accustomed fatalistic ways? An equally important question, and equally difficult to answer, is: when the central Government stops subsidising Community Projects to the extent of 80 per cent. where will the States find money with which to run them?

CHANCHAL SARKAR

On Becoming a Bureaucrat

IT is, of course, an intensely English process. There are, from the exam. stage onwards, self-conscious and ponderous little jokes to cover up embarrassment and formality; and the final move, when the newcomer is invited to turn up on a certain morning, is conducted with careful jocularity: the office is referred to as "the prison house," and the newcomer is asked to appear at about ten o'clock—"a gentlemanly hour, I think; though, of course, I don't want to give you the impression that we always start so late."

Arriving at so gentlemanly an hour, the newcomer has the privilege of walking into the office in the very steps of the Minister; but instead of receiving the obsequious salutes of the messengers, he is himself forced to go through the ignominious process of justifying his presence, and is then passed from one serge-coated hand to another, and shown through intricate passages to a series of official presences, the last of whom is the man whom he will soon learn to call, in racy Civil Service slang, his "lord and master." All these introductions are similarly gauche; neither side is sure of what should be said on such an occasion; there are a few personal questions, and some university reminiscences; the more genial encourage a general conversation, but are thwarted by the newcomer's terror of saying something absurd in such powerfully discreet company; the more formal say a few words about the work and how interesting it should prove.

Eventually the newcomer is handed over to the care of his predecessor to be, the young man of similar standing who is now presiding, amid an impressive confusion of files, at the enormous desk that will soon be the newcomer's own. Similarity of age, of background, and an equal desire to get on with each other make this a less formidable meeting than the others; but there can be no peace on a morning like this. The outgoer thinks it his instant duty to introduce the newcomer to all the members of his division; so the two set out on a tour of a dozen offices, each situated in a freshly unexpected place, each with its face and name to be memorised, its hand to be shaken, its polite moves to be made.

The social situation is here complicated by the fact that the other members of the division were unconscious that there was to be any change; so that, as well as the distant words of encouragement to the newcomer, there is a more intimate exchange of gossip between the older colleagues. The newcomer distils background information as best he can, and tries to size up the characters. Despite the standardisation, each office has a quite different atmosphere. One is the cosy study of an elderly colonel; another is shared between two men who greet the newcomer precisely as the recruit is greeted by the sergeant-major: "Little you know what you've let yourself in for. Work? Why, you don't know what work is till you come here." Another is shared between a gross fellow spivily dressed (who is said to have reformed the administration of the Maldives single-handed), and a quiet-spoken Scot, who utters a few words of canny departmental wisdom. In all there is a similar intake of breath at the news that the newcomer is really and wholly new. "Well . . . you'll certainly find a lot to learn."

Then it is time that the newcomer should learn to find his way about the files. "Perhaps you'd care to do a little light reading?" says his mentor, and a ragged mass is set before him. The newcomer is appalled by the bulk and the technicalities; his exhausted glance soon searches only for the red ink of Ministerial comment, and the *facetiæ* of senior officials. Concentration is difficult; he sits cramped against a table in a dark corner; the rest of the office is buzzing with activity; his predecessor is constantly on the telephone; the messenger is for ever coming in with files and telegrams and blue order papers; the Assistant Secretary's personal assistant comes in to share her boredom with the others, and to have a long gossip about the summer holidays; then there is the Official Secrets Act to be signed, and a mass of papers to be read explaining just what a Civil Servant may and may not do.

Hardly is the morning gone before the newcomer is asked what he thinks of his reading. He is lost for a reply, so bewildering have been the accumulated details of bureaucratic argument, so decisive the opinions put forward by his superiors. It seems inconceivable that his raw judgment should be thought of any account. His mind is still preoccupied with the externals and with the underlying principles of political action—the only things he is accustomed to have opinions on. His new colleagues care for neither of these. They lavish devoted and impersonal attention on each item of business, but they treat all items with a certain cynicism and with an intolerance of speculation. They make no doubt that the newcomer will do the same; no one explains either the procedural techniques or the guiding principles of the work: it is taken for granted that an educated intelligence will fall naturally into the departmental mould.

So, within a day or two, the newcomer is penning his first drafts, giving his first pompous answers on the telephone, discussing administrative problems as though with a wealth of governmental experience behind him. The exhilaration of this play-acting obscures, for the moment the fact that personality is of no account; the intellectual stimulus of a multitude of small and precise problems hides the narrowness of mental horizon, and provides a welcome feeling that the mind is—at long last—being called on for use.

In a month or two's time, no doubt, the strange conventions will have become second nature; the restrictedness of the reasoning will seem to be common sense, and the close official style clarity itself; the curious *camaraderie* of men on the same job will appear a natural form of personal relations, and there will no longer be any temptation to speculate about a man's private life when public business is being discussed; it will no longer be a thrill to walk down Whitehall with an official bag; eventual progress up the hierarchy will no longer be a Mitty day-dream, but a problem for practical manœuvring.

Meanwhile, the undergraduate who has taken upon himself to become one of the "statesmen in disguise," and part of the "most conscientious, incorruptible and thoroughgoing despotism ever known," finds himself simultaneously thrown into the new and burdensome London life, in which friendships have to be recaptured over squalid luncheon tables, and conversation languishes. He had hoped to find himself among the country's élite; instead, he finds that everywhere he has to apologise for his occupation.

ALLAN CHRISTOPHER

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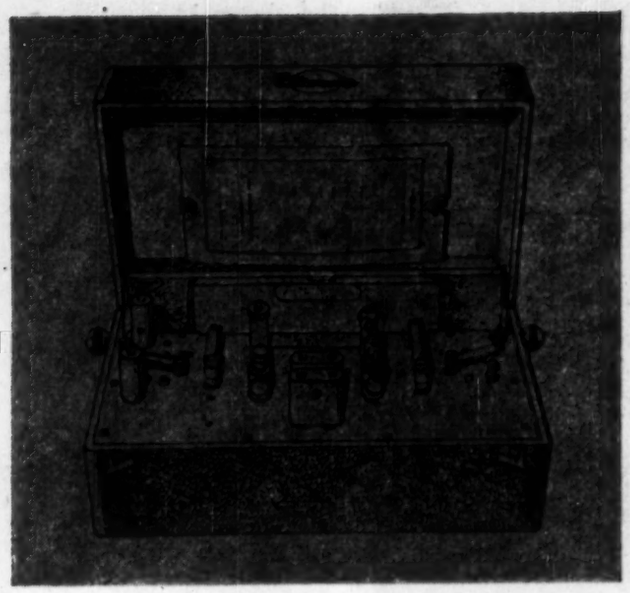

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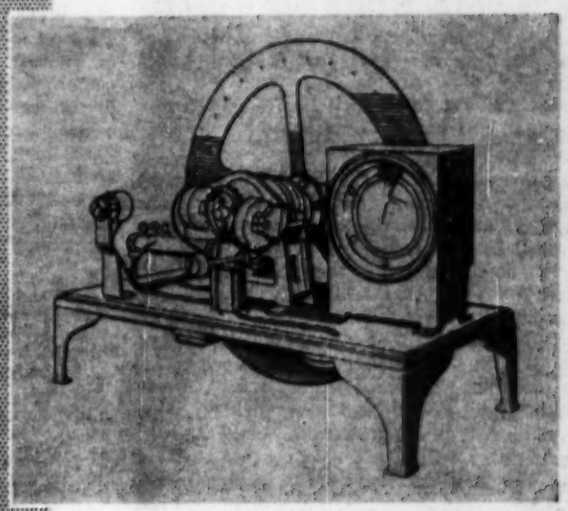

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Prophet and Pedant

All men are unique; but some are uniquer than others. There is no avoiding this feeling when we contemplate the massive frame and fabulous career of Sir Lewis Namier. No living English historian ranks ahead of him, yet every aspect of his character denies the basic assumption on which the writing of history rests. The human race is made up of millions of individuals. The historian generalises about them. He must assume that individuals can be placed in groups and that these groups will have common characteristics of time, class or nation. Whig and Tory, proletarian and capitalist, French and German, medieval and modern man—these are the tools without which the historian cannot operate.

Where are we to put Sir Lewis in these, or any other, categories? He is no sooner given one card in the filing-cabinet than he perversely writes himself in on another. Shall we describe his origin as that of a Jew from Eastern Europe? Yes, but only if we add that his father had become a Roman Catholic landowner and that his own early acquaintance was with Polish aristocrats. At least then, his mind was shaped by the culture of the Habsburg monarchy in its last days? Right again; but just as clearly Namier is the product of Balliol before the first World War, the same vintage as Toynbee. Yet even that will not do. For Namier, though a devoted son of Oxford, has never been allowed in, except briefly as Ford or Romanes lecturer and at last as an Honorary Fellow of his college. His academic life has been spent at Manchester—a Professor, not a college tutor. We have got him at last—a provincial University professor. Not at all. He escapes us once more. He went straight to a Chair without going up the ladder of Assistant Lecturer, Lecturer, and Reader; and he was never more active in London life than during the twenty years when he was a Professor at Manchester.

We had better give up this line of approach. Research, especially "Namierite" research, may teach us that we discover a man by assembling biographical details about him. It does not work with Sir Lewis. We shall get no further if we add to the information from *Who's Who* the names of his cousins, the sources of his income, or even his political affiliations. We are still baffled when we learn that he is a Tory with revolutionary impulses or a Zionist who quarrelled with all Jews except Weizmann and who prefers Shepherd's Bush to Tel Aviv. We must turn from his life to his books, from his career to his ideas—the very historical method which Sir Lewis rigorously condemns. But he has brought it on himself. For, though remarkable as a figure, he is pre-eminent as a writer. Nearly thirty years ago Dr. G. M. Trevelyan remarked that there was a Namier way of writing history just as there was a Gibbon way or a Carlyle way; and the passage of time has confirmed this high judgment.

English political life in the eighteenth century has been the central theme of his studies—a theme from which he has often strayed, but to which he always returns. Now, as one of the editors of the *History of Parliament*—an idea which he first ventilated in this journal—he claims to have returned for good. His great discovery about Hanoverian politics was that, in our sense, they were not political at all. Where previous historians had described the high disputes of Whig and Tory, Namier showed that the real conflicts were between interests and groups. The East India Company or "the Bedford gang" were more important than the principles of the Glorious Revolution; the so-called Tories were country gentlemen, not Jacobites or even High Churchmen. Sir Lewis may have been helped to this discovery by his experience of the other constitutional monarchies of the eighteenth century—Poland and Hungary. But he has never avowed the analogy consciously; in true John Bull fashion he has preferred to regard England as incomparable. Living in an age torn by the strife of political creeds and himself often zealous for the most intellectual of nationalisms—Zionism—he rejoiced to find a century where principle counted for little. And he is not beyond telling us that we should still model ourselves on the contemporaries of George Bubb Dodington and Sir Robert Walpole. He writes in a new book of essays: "The less man clogs his mind with political doctrine and dogma, the better for his thinking". Again, in immediate reference to the present:

> Some political philosophers complain of "a tired lull" and the absence at present of argument on general politics in this country. . . . To me this attitude seems to betoken a greater national maturity, and I can only wish that it may long continue undisturbed by the workings of political philosophy.

This is certainly carrying historical detachment to an extreme. But it is unnecessary for us to protest or to vindicate our rights as *idéologues*. Sir Lewis has been in his time the most engaged of historians, turning scholarship into a devastating political weapon.

Even the eighteenth century has not been neglected for this purpose. He wrote in the bitter days before the war: "there is a Churchill; and there was a Chatham." In the first world war and again during the Nineteen-thirties, Sir Lewis mobilised his understanding of European nationalism as a potent weapon against the Germans. When employed temporarily at the Foreign Office in the first war, he preached the independence of Czechoslovakia and did much to accomplish it. Later he took up the history of nineteenth-century Europe, and used it to explode the myth of German cultural supremacy. Finally he became one of the greatest experts on contemporary diplomatic history in order to wield his pen and his scholarship against the same enemy. If we have been spared this time the wails against Germany's "war-guilt," it is partly

because Sir Lewis has riveted the verdict against the Germans too firmly for any sentiment to remove it. There was more in this than national prejudice or political bias; there was a courageous recognition of the real evils in life. When asked for the reasons why he did not visit Germany after the war, he replied: "There are five million reasons—five million murdered Jews."

When Sir Lewis contemplated Europe before the war, he saw feebleness, blindness, fear of reality. In those days, and even later, he offered a remedy: alliance with Soviet Russia. His own dislike of any political philosophy made it easy for him to believe that principles sat lightly also on the Bolsheviks. The post-war trend found him as much at a loss as if he had been a Left-wing Socialist. He could no longer go with Russia; he would not go with Germany. Hence his retreat into the documents and the values of the eighteenth century. The truth is that here, as in other matters, he has always been a man of extremes. He loves the two extremes of the European continent—England and Russia; he dislikes all that lies in the middle. In politics he can understand the unbending Tory; he can respond to the appeal of a revolutionary. Churchill and Trotsky both make his heart beat faster. What he cannot stomach is a liberal—the man with principles who does not quite live up to them; the reformer who stops half way; the fellow-traveller who wants the fruits of Communist dictatorship without the terror.

His writings show the same characteristic. They go to one extreme or the other. His books are either excessively long or tantalisingly short. His scholarship is meticulously exact to the point of pedantry. He shows no mercy on the historian who describes May 7 as a Friday when it was in fact a Wednesday; one slip of this kind, and the sloven is damned for ever. Sir Lewis himself will travel across England or labour for weeks on some collection of documents in order to establish a point which another would reach by guesswork or not trouble to make. Yet he can switch without effort from the mole's pace of the researcher to the cosmic speed and sweep of a turbo-jet. No one has surpassed him in the gift of surveying a century in a few pages. His latest volume contains his Creighton lecture, "Basic Factors in Nineteenth-Century European History." It comprises in twelve pages an analysis of national evolution and a summary of Europe's diplomatic history as well. In another essay here he emerges from the antheap of parliamentary biographies which he is busy accumulating and defines every aspect of "the Namier system" of eighteenth-century politics in twenty-five pages.

But he has never managed to produce a book of medium length, written in a moderate tone, and covering a limited, but not tiny period. His history is composed of gigantic surveys or minute analyses; there is no room for ordinary narrative. It is the same with Sir Lewis the man. His friends either sit enraptured at every detail of eighteenth-century intrigue and German crookedness; or they sigh at the mere names of the Duke of Newcastle and Ribbentrop. There is no half-way house. The biographer of ordinary men is himself among the most extraordinary of mortals; in nothing more extraordinary than that, an avowed Tory and lover of Dukes, he should command the affection of so many English radicals. When a high post in the world of history was being hawked around, a skilled observer commented: "Everyone under forty thinks that only Namier deserves it; and everyone over forty does not care who gets it so long as it isn't Namier." A good verdict on one who has tried so hard to become old and staid—and has never succeeded.

Here Be Dragons

Miss Appletide met the dragon when she was sheltering from the rain in Bessarabia. For a minute or two neither of them spoke, the dragon chiefly for historic reasons and Mary Appletide because she thought the rain might be only a shower, and so casual an extension of her acquaintanceship might only serve to complicate life. When one is an inveterate traveller, as Mary Appletide was, there are cogent reasons for being prudent at all times, not least among dragons. But this proved to be no shower.

"I fear I am disturbing you," she remarked as the downpour continued.

"Not at all," answered the dragon. As it spoke a suspicion of charred breath filtered in her direction. That she had noticed it was evident by her flinching, a reflex-action she would have given much for the dragon not to have seen. She was a very polite woman.

"I *am* sorry," she said.

"So am I," replied the dragon, this time taking care to hold a scaly paw in front of his mouth. "You see it's so long since I spoke to a soul!"

"How do you occupy yourself?" asked Miss Appletide.

"I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter."

"Ah! I see you are an admirer of Mr. Eliot."

"I really prefer Mr. Henry James," said the dragon.

"He is just Henry James now," said Miss Appletide.

The dragon received this news with great sadness. It lolled back mournfully so that Miss Appletide heard its scales crunch on the rocky floor like old discarded scabbards.

"Are you English?" it inquired at length. "If so, perhaps you can tell me why you all make such a ridiculous fuss over that young George Something-or-other who fought my uncle? Don't be the least embarrassed to say what you think. We none of us cared for the uncle, but he was harmless in himself and it has always seemed to me that you rather overdo the George business."

Miss Appletide was torn between patriotism and alarm. "Well—" she said uncertainly, "although I hardly like to remind you of it, the dra— your uncle was terrible in his demand for virgins, or girls, as we call them these days."

"He *was* a misogynist," admitted the dragon.

"I can see that you are far too intelligent to hold such views," replied Miss Appletide in a voice made flattering by apprehension.

"What views I possess are decreed by age and not by emotion," said the dragon candidly.

"You must have seen a lot of changes," said Miss Appletide, who was glad to change the subject.

"More than most," answered the dragon with complacency. "I *am* very, very old."

It moved dolorously in the cave. Miss Appletide could see its eyes spilling sadly in their horny sockets like wet gold and the ridge of sharp eruptions running down its back like a relief map of the Pennine Chain. Its sides quivered with an ancient breath like a pair of crippled bellows. It was a dragon in dotage and a creature deserving pity. Miss Appletide certainly felt sorry for it. Her sympathy, allied to that extreme ambitiousness which all true travellers possess, brought the most audacious idea into her head.

"I wonder," she said, "if I might make a suggestion?" Without waiting for the dragon to reply she went on, "I am at present staying at the Hotel Lupescu at Chisinau, but in a week I hope to return to London. I could, if you would like it, make arrangements for you to come with me."

"And what should I do when I get there?"

"Well," answered Miss Appletide lamely, "you could—": she was going to say "visit the Zoo," but something warned her that this was quite the wrong answer. She tried to think of all the things a dragon might like to see in London and found them surprisingly few. "You could see Hay Hill," she concluded vaguely.

"If there's anything I loathe more than another, its allegory. Fairy-tales, if you like. They have dogged me all my life. I should hate Hay Hill!"

The rain continued to fall in blinding sheets, barring the entrance to the cave with a drenching flood.

"Well, there are other things," Miss Appletide was going to say: "Bertram Mills' Circus—the Changing of the Guard . . ." But everything she thought of seemed fraught with danger.

"Such as?" asked the dragon.

"People," said Miss Appletide, recollecting suddenly how well on the whole she herself had got on with the dragon. "Dedicated individuals like Professor Julian Huxley, Mr. E. M. Forster and the Rector of All Souls, Langham Place—these, I feel sure, would love to meet you!"

An air of foreboding filled the cave, partly due to the rain, the steady roar of which was making it more and more difficult to speak without shouting, and partly due to a thoughtful fog which seemed to spread from the dragon's corner. A terrible suspicion was spreading its tentacles in the dragon's mind. That there wasn't an ounce of truth in the suspicion made it no less real. This woman was actually urging him to visit a country where dragons were as abhorrent as the plague! A country which had spent the best part of a millennium equating dragons with evil! A country which encouraged plaster statues of his uncle's murderer! And here was this woman trying to lure him to England.

If only he wasn't so old! He remembered the fierce golden flames which once jagged from his nostrils like swords, and his claws which once pulled the very rocks apart. Now he was 983, weak, a mockery, and this woman would return to England and boast how she had faced a dragon in its den and kept it at bay! They would fête her, believe her lies, canonise her even! You could never be sure with the English. They worshipped the oddest gods. Give me, prayed the dragon, a little strength again! Just this once! Like a tickle of spring on a dark January day, it felt the centuries wilt before a secret warmth seeping up inside its horny breast. At first it could hardly believe that its prayer was actually being answered. As though to convince itself, it gave a little surreptitious puff against its paw and was rewarded with a smell of scorching.

Miss Appletide stood looking out into the rain. A smug kindliness surrounded her. The dragon watched her with hatred. They would love him in London, would they! In London where his poor uncle was still prodded to death in a thousand purple windows by that awful George! So that was where she would take him! In triumph, no doubt. Well, he would see.

"Are you a virgin?" it inquired.

Miss Appletide was flummoxed at once. The dragon was not only saying the most extraordinary things, but saying them right in her ear. She could feel its breath, an unwelcome reek, at the nape of her neck.

"Am I a *spinster?*" she corrected. "Yes, I am."

It was the last thing she said.

Ronald Blythe

Troubled Waters

FACTS ON THE ICELANDIC FISHING DISPUTE

This map tells at a glance the reason for the current and regrettable fishing dispute between Britain and Iceland. In March, 1952, the Icelandic Government, on the grounds of fishery conservation, published new Regulations, cutting off vast areas of international waters from British trawlers, and substituting for the traditional three mile limits, new limit lines within which trawlermen could not fish. These new penal limits were introduced arbitrarily and without consultation, and were put into effect in May 1952, hitting British, Dutch, Belgian, French and German trawlermen very hard and causing a great deal of anger and resentment.

The British Fishing Industry recognises the need for conservation and agrees that certain breeding areas should be closed. But the new so-called 4 mile limit does not close only the breeding areas but is so drawn from headland to headland as to ban our trawlers from working prolific fishing grounds, notably in the huge Breidi, Faxe and Hunar bays. From the map it may be seen that in these heavy fishing areas the new limit lines are not 4 miles from the coast, but in some cases 27 miles; indeed, out of sight of land.

The fishing grounds about Iceland were pioneered by British trawlers. Small wonder then that British skippers, mates and crews resented this high-handed grab of their traditional area. The resentment became more acute when it was clear that these grounds may be, and are, fished by Icelandic line-fishing boats, but are forbidden to British vessels.

In retaliation, British skippers threatened to strike if Icelandic trawlers landed their catches at Hull, Grimsby or Fleetwood. Their action was supported by British fish merchants and by all British trawler companies. Since that time there has been a ban on Icelandic landings of fresh fish at our ports although Icelanders still land salt and frozen fish.

Whilst this dispute has been going on, a similar situation arose in the important fishing grounds around the Faroe Islands. Contrary to the Icelandic attitude, a new British agreement was negotiated with Denmark and the Faroese Government which has satisfied all parties and will come into effect on 1st July, 1955.

The Icelanders are our long-time friends. British capital has helped finance and build the Icelandic trawler fleet. Britain has always been the prime market for Icelandic vessels. Before the dispute, Icelandic landings made up about 5% of total British supplies. By dint of hard work, this shortfall has now more than been made up by British, German and other foreign trawlers. More and more fish is being landed in British ports and prices are being kept very stable. In fact, more stable than any other food, so that fish continues to be the cheapest first-class protein food that the British housewife can buy.

The whole British Fishing Industry regrets the Icelandic dispute. The Government has published a memorandum which has been submitted to the Council of Europe, carefully detailing the British case. Over and over again the Industry has offered to negotiate with the Icelanders, but all efforts at negotiation have been refused. The deadlock continues.

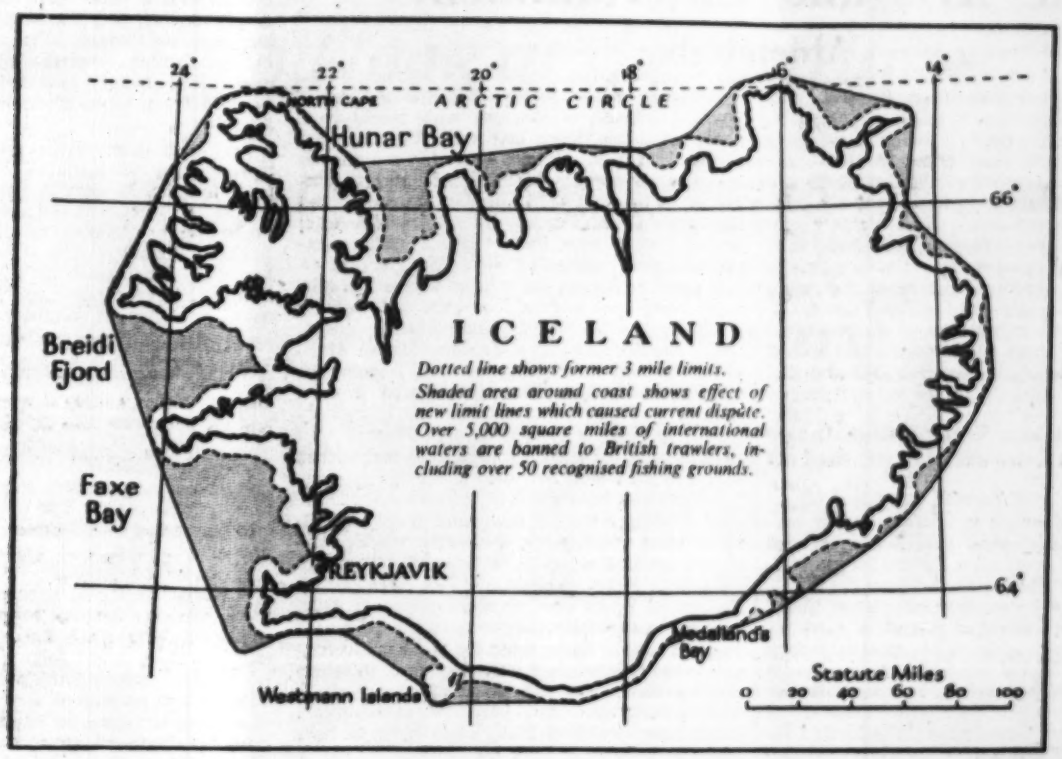
In the meantime, in addition to refusing all efforts towards negotiation, the Icelanders are continually arresting British trawlers for what can at best be termed fractional violations of the disputed new limit lines. Since May, 1952, no less than 15 British trawlers have been fined a total of £50,000 by Icelandic courts. In the case of the Hull vessel, Lord Cunningham, she was fined for alleged fishing in coastal waters, 17¼ miles from shore ! Some of these incidents are very explosive in character. One British skipper, Lieut./Cdr. Jenks, R.N.R., of Fleetwood, told an Icelandic gunboat which tried to arrest him on the high seas that he wouldn't stop " so long as his ship remained afloat ". He did not stop and the gunboat backed away.

Perhaps one of the worst features of the new Icelandic limits is that British trawlers, even in storm, are not permitted to cross them unless all their fish and fishing gear is stowed. Rather than risk arrest, the almost certain £3,000 fine and confiscation of equipment, almost all British skippers prefer to take their chances by riding out a storm and hoping it willl pass over without disaster. Sometimes they are unlucky. British trawlermen want the facility of running for any port in a storm with or without their gear being stowed.

In spite of provocation, British trawlermen are always ready to negotiate a settlement on conservation with the Icelanders. So far, Iceland will not negotiate. She now claims huge stretches of ocean as her " sovereign rights ".

Let us hope that this truculent mood of our friends will soon pass over and that they will be prepared to sit down with us and work out an equitable solution. We say, the sooner the better, because this dispute only hurts two long-time friends and gives aid and comfort to our mutual enemies.

BRITISH TRAWLERS Hull/Grimsby/Fleetwood



THE BRITISH TRAWLERS' FEDERATION

The Arts and Entertainment

Aldeburgh

THIS is the Eighth Aldeburgh Festival, and there were rumours that it might be the last. Happily, they prove untrue: economies are forecast, but already the dates (June 16 to 24) are announced for the Festival of 1956, at which the bicentenary of Mozart is to be extensively celebrated. The only sad feature of this notably jolly gathering is its perennial financial worry; and this, it seems, is largely unnecessary. The tiny Jubilee Hall could have been sold out again and again for some of the concerts and for *The Turn of the Screw*. How hard it must be to disappoint so many, and to turn away hundreds of sorely needed pounds! If Aldeburgh were Bad Oldenburg it would possess a small Stadttheater, and finance would be less of a nightmare. Plans for a theatre (which is needed apart from the Festival) have been for the time folded away, but they must not be forgotten.

For in a world crowded with festivals as like as peas, that of Aldeburgh is unique: it has intimacy and character, local genius and regional point. Instead of standard orchestral programmes conducted by a world-famous maestro, the inevitable Lieder recital by the inevitable international soprano, and a picturesque revival of *Cosi fan tutte*, we are offered some of the most important recent works of one of the finest creative spirits of our time, ideally presented by the artists for whom they were written, together with unconventional programmes which reflect a cultivated individual taste. Though the programmes are unconventional, they are not eccentric: familiar and unfamiliar lie side by side. This year Schubert bulks large. During the first two days we have heard ripe and vigorous performances, by the Amadeus Quartet and their collaborators, of his two great Quintets, the C major and the "Trout", and Peter Pears's justly famous interpretation of *Die schöne Müllerin*. It is rare to hear this vernal music sung by the clear, light tenor which Schubert intended, rarer still to find so perfect and equal a partnership between voice and piano. Impossible to decide which was more beautiful, the rhythmic life and clarity of Britten's left hand in *Halt*, or the singer's pure, controlled legato and clear enunciation which made the five verses of *Des Baches Wiegenlied* seem not one too many. This performance held up a mirror to Schubert's genius in which nothing was tarnished or blurred.

Next morning, it is true, the standard slumped. A chamber music programme designed to honour various loyalties brought nothing first class except a group of Purcell Fantasies played by the Zorian Quartet, with Britten to take the viola's non-stop middle C in the Five-Part Fantasy. The elder generation was represented by Vaughan Williams's Eight Housman Songs for Voice and Violin (Nancy Evans and Suzanne Rozsa), written some 35 years ago and lately brought to light, which meandered harmlessly but without much point; and by Frank Bridge's Third String Quartet, a devitalising piece, all tremulous sensibility with too little substance; while extreme youth, in the person of Richard Bennett (born 1936), contributed a Sonatina for Solo Flute which was—well, just what the title might suggest, a string of graceful and mildly ingenious flourishes. The accomplished flautist was John Francis.

Tuesday's orchestral concert, under Walter Goehr, was more solidly built, of very attractive material; though this concert lies ahead at the moment of writing, it received an anticipatory performance last week on the Third Programme. Together with Schubert's Fifth Symphony, the main items were Holst's Concerto for Two Violins, one of his latest and best works, in which the muscular firmness of the part-writing is easily reconciled with an intensely poetic mood, and Michael Tippett's *Divertimento on Sellinger's Round*, an expansion of the striking "Lament" which he contributed to the 1953 Aldeburgh symposium on this Elizabethan tune. Tippett has had the amusing notion, analogous to that of Virginia Woolf's *Orlando*, of showing what might have happened to his theme had it lived through the English centuries. In each of the five movements it comes up against the music of another composer: in the first with Gibbons; in the second (the Lament) with Purcell; in the third with Arne; in the fourth with Field; in the fifth, unexpectedly, with Sullivan's *I Have a Song to Sing-O*. The result is happy; the scheme allows free play to the composer's original fancy; the workmanship is subtle; only the surprise ending seems ineffective. Besides playing a dubious Haydn Horn Concerto, and convincing us that it must be by Haydn, Dennis Brain introduced a brief *Aubade for Horns and Strings* by Humphrey Searle, specially composed for this Festival. To write a piece for such a combination and such a soloist might almost be called a soft option, since the result can hardly fail to be sensuously alluring. The horn mused, then nimbly leapt about, all to good effect, while the softly tangled harmonies seemed to speak of twilight rather than of dawn. Nikos Skalkottas's *Ten Sketches for Strings* (of which only six were played at Aldeburgh) are evocative fragments much influenced by Berg's *Lyric Suite;* some are too short to constitute much more than a tonal gesture; in others distinguished ideas and graceful, sinewy string writing make one wish to hear more of this recent Greek composer (1904-1949), whose name we have learnt to know only since his death.

On the first night *The Turn of the Screw* was given by the original cast; later Alexander Young is to sing a Peter Quint, and Lotte Medak a Mrs. Grose. To hear this astonishing opera at such close quarters was to apprehend still more vividly its compactness, precision and beautifully worked detail; to see it at such close quarters was a more doubtful blessing. One could better appreciate the dramatic team-work which has properly been acclaimed abroad, and observe with admiration the many new touches with which David Hemmings has rounded out his uncannily clever portrait of the boy Miles: his naughtiness has now become a little more evident, which is all to the good. On the other hand, the ghosts are harmed by village hall proximity. When Miss Vyvyan exclaims: "Who is it? Who? Who can it be?" we cannot help murmuring to ourselves: "Why, it is dear kind Mr. Pears, whom we saw arranging the stands and turning over the pages of the music only a few hours ago in the chancel."

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Two Excellent Monsters

THIS month we are presented with two excellent monsters of the theatre, both outsize, both at their best. I must admit to being surprised that Eugene O'Neill's New England *Oresteia* is almost as powerful in its impact as it was when it first hit us in the Thirties. *Mourning Becomes Electra* is being given in a good all-round performance at the Arts nightly until August. It starts at half past six and ends at about half past eleven, with one forty-five minute interval (during which the Club offers three differently priced suppers). Opera lovers would not think anything of this as a length, but theatre-goers are less hardy, and it was gratifying to see the Arts full to the doors on a hot week-night. The Marathon would be worth enduring, if for nothing else, for the remarkably sustained performance by Miss Mary Morris as Electra—no less striking than that of Miss Beatrix Lehmann which those who saw it are not likely to have forgotten. It is enough to say that Miss Morris stands the comparison. But there are other good things. The production has just the right tone and atmosphere of dark menace. Miss Mary Ellis is a luxuriant Clytemnestra, with a really fine moment at her end, deeply moving, and Mr. Ronald Lewis is a smiling, brooding Orestes. The difficulties of a very big production, involving among other things many scene changes, have been well met by Mr. Peter Hall and his staff and by his designer, Mr. Paul Mayo.

And then there is the play itself. It is an extraordinary creation. O'Neill quite simply takes the ancient story and translates it with an almost pedestrian literalness, in terms—they might even be called the tabloid terms—of a New England Family. The Civil War has just finished. The head of the family, General Mannon, is expected home from service. His daughter Vinny sits sombrely on the porch. She knows it all, that her mother, Christine-Clytemnestra, has taken a paramour, that her adored father has been betrayed and the family honour stained. She is waiting to avenge it. Her mother and the paramour plan the father's murder. The father arrives. The murder takes place. Orin-Orestes is expected. He arrives. Sister and brother plan the murder of the paramour. The murder takes place. The play, in short, consists of a succession of obligatory scenes alone, plain and unvarnished, and written in a strikingly undistinguished language. It is the Classic content treated in a way opposite to the Classical; there, whatever happens happens off, the play is concerned with what the people make of the events. Here, event follows event too quickly for them to make anything of it. How, so unadorned and unrelieved as it is, does it succeed in making so strong an effect? Partly it is that echoes of the Greek are constantly present in our minds, echoes which lend an extraneous dignity to the squalid happenings; partly it is O'Neill's dramatic certainty; partly it is the very simplicity and starkness of the story which is an archetypal, or basic, as they now say, human melodrama. And O'Neill does underline the Freudian points—to that limited extent he modernises the story from the inside.

Still, it is only when the events are over and the results before us—a brother and sister haunted by the crimes that still stand round them—that the drama begins to exist in its own right. Up till that point it has been only a reflection, a vivid and lurid reflection, of the earlier tellings of the tale. A snap judgment might pronounce that it would have been better to start at this point, to condense the earlier events into the recollections of the living characters in the Ibsen fashion. But that is not really so. O'Neill was a dramatist who broke the playright's first rule. He declined to condense. He laboriously adds detail to detail, bludgeoning us into acceptance by sheer accumulation. His impressiveness comes from his length, and there is nothing to do but sweat it out, and there will probably always be a small devoted band who are willing to do that.

At the Duke of York's, Mr. Orson Welles mounts a daring full-scale attack on a totally impregnable position. It is certainly magnificent, whether it is *Moby Dick* or not. Not knowing the word impossible, Mr. Welles comes nearer success than could easily have been imagined. The staging (by Mr. Welles) is superbly imaginative and successful. He knocks up a quick and sufficiently convincing framework of a play in rehearsal, and rapidly disposes of it. It is there to face us with the bare skeleton of an empty stage in its working condition, and our imaginations must do the rest. But they are not in fact to be left quite unaided. Working ropes, a crossbeam, an overturned rostrum or two, any objects that might lie about on a stage are picked up and transformed by the actors into the properties of their play. There is the quayside, the ship, the rigging, the sails, the bridge, the fo'c'sle, all created out of nothing, but vividly visible. Other ships pass us and are hailed, the seas rise, the winds blow, the decks tip, the rigging creaks, storms envelope us, the great white whale is sighted "There she blows, there

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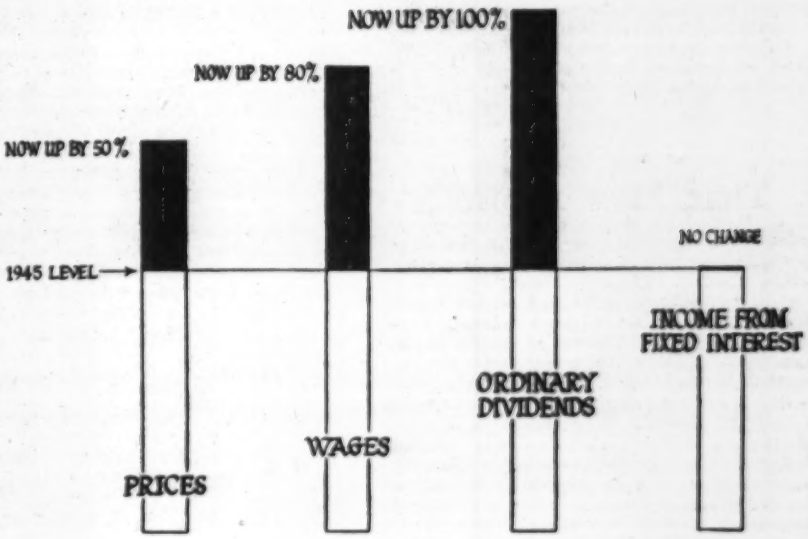

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she blows!" a boat is launched, the harpooning party embark, the hunt is on. Every detail of the action works splendidly. It is the purest make-believe, the purest "theatre," all embodied out of the imagination alone. It is wonderfully exciting, and the whole company catching the spirit of it, act with every muscle, and bring it triumphantly off.

But alas for the venture as a whole, the action isn't everything, it isn't even the main thing, and the play sinks finally beneath a spate of words that never come alive in the theatre as the make-believe does. And curiously enough it was Mr. Welles himself who as Ahab was the least successful with them (of course he had given himself the most). Mr. Patrick McGoohan made a very decided impression as Starbuck. He gives the impression of having reserves of great power and he has an excellent control. Mr. Kenneth Williams, Mr. Gordon Jackson, Mr. Peter Sallis, Mr. Wensley Pithey were others who stood out in a loyal and inventive cast.

T. C. WORSLEY

That Man Again

A YEAR ago I suggested that one way of understanding Picasso was to consider him as an improviser, a mimic, almost a clown. Now a very important retrospective exhibition of 114 works (including *Guernica* and his most recent improvisations on Delacroix' *Women of Algiers* at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Paris, the film on his work at the Academy Cinema and the London show of his Verve drawings) prompt me to return to the subject. Because Picasso holds the position he does, every misinterpretation of his work can only increase contemporary misunderstanding of art in general. That is the justification for adding a few more hundred to the millions of words through whose mesh he himself always escapes.

Above all Picasso suffers from being taken too seriously. He recognises this himself and it is one of the themes of the Verve series. The indignant take him too seriously because they attach too much importance to the mad prices which his works are now fetching. The ostentatiously tolerant take him too seriously because they forgive him his excesses on the grounds that, when he wants to be, he is a great draughtsman. In fact this is untrue. His best drawings, if compared to those of Géricault, Daumier or Goya, appear brilliant but not profound. Picasso's future reputation as a great artist would not, as is so often said, be guaranteed by his realistic works alone. The enthusiastic take him too seriously because they believe that every mark he has made, the date on which he made it and the address he happened to be living at, are of sacred significance. The critical minority in the Communist Party take him too seriously because they consider him capable of being a great socialist artist and assume that his political allegiance is the result of dialectical thinking rather than of a revolutionary instinct.

The tragedy of Picasso is that he has worked at a time when a few live by art alone and the vast majority live without art at all. Such a state of affairs is of course tragic for all artists—but not to the same extent. Certain painters—such as Cézanne, Degas, Gris—can work for the sake of research. They work to extend painting's conquest over nature. Picasso is not such an artist; it is significant, for instance, that for over forty years he has scarcely ever worked directly from a model. Other painters—such as Corot, Dufy, Matisse—work to communicate a quintessence of pleasure and are comparatively satisfied if this pleasure is shared even by a few. Again Picasso is not such an artist. There is a violence in everything he has done which points to a moral, didactic conviction that cannot be satisfied simply by an awareness of pleasure. Picasso is, as Rodin in a different way was, a popular dramatic artist by nature, terribly handicapped by a lack of popular themes.

What makes a work by Picasso immediately recognisable? It is not merely his familiar formalisation, but also his unique form of conviction, of utter singlemindedness in any one canvas. Possibly that sounds a vague quality. Yet when one goes into a Romanesque church and sees side by side a 12th and an 18th century fresco, it is this quality of singlemindedness which distinguishes them, when all the other obvious differences have been allowed for. The 12th century painter, if a local one, was usually clumsy, unoriginal and entirely ignorant of theoretical pictorial principles. The 18th century painter was often sensitive, highly skilful in rendering an unlimited variety of poses and steeped in valid pictorial theory. What then explains the force of the 12th century artist's composition, the expressiveness of his drawing, the clarity of his narrative, and the comparative feebleness in all these respects of the later work? It is surely the earlier artist's singlemindedness—a singlemindedness which in terms of religion was impossible in the 18th century. Because the earlier artist knew exactly what he wanted to say—and it was something quite simple—it did not occur to him to think of anything else. This reduced observation to a minimum but it gave his work the strength of seeming absolutely inevitable. It is precisely the same quality which distinguishes Picasso's work from those of his contemporaries and disciples; or, on a quite different level, it is the same quality that one finds in the humorous drawings of Edward Lear.

Look at the drawing of the hands and feet in *Guernica*. They are based on no more penetrating observation than those in the work of an efficient cartoonist. They represent no more than the *idea* of hands and feet. But—and this is why *Guernica* can still strike our hearts until we are forced to make resolutions—the ideas of hands, feet, a horse's head, a naked electric light bulb, a mother and ravaged child, are all equally, heart-rendingly and entirely dominated by *the* idea of the painting: the idea of horror at human brutality.

I believe that in almost every work of Picasso's a single idea has dominated in this way and so created a similar sense of inevitability. If the idea is, for example, that of sexual beauty, it demands more subtle forms: the girl's back will be made to twist very sensitively: but the principle remains the same and rests on the same ability of the artist to forego all questioning and to yield completely to his one purpose. Forms become like letters in an alphabet whose significance depends solely upon the word they spell. And that brings us back to the tragedy of Picasso. Obviously in the case of an artist such as I have described, his development within himself and his impact on others depend exclusively on his ideas, on his themes. Picasso could not have painted *Guernica* had it only been a personal nightmare. And, equally, if the picture which now exists had always been called *Nightmare* and we knew nothing of its connection with Spain, it would not move us as it does. All aesthetes will object to that. But *Guernica* has deservedly become the one legendary painting of this century, and although works of art can perpetuate legends, they do not create them. If they could, Picasso's problem would have been solved, for his tragedy is that most of his life he has failed to find themes to do himself justice. He has produced *Guernica*, *War* and *Peace*, some miraculous Cubist studies, some beautiful lyrical drawings, but in hundreds of works he has, as a result of his singlemindedness, sacrificed everything to ideas which are not worthy of the sacrifice. Many of his paintings are jokes, either bitter or gay; but they are the jokes of a man who does not know what else to do except laugh, who improvises with fragments because he can find nothing else to build upon.

It would be foolish to imagine that Picasso could have developed differently. His genius is wilful and instinctive. He had to take what was at hand, and the unity of popular feeling essential to sustain the themes of a dramatic artist such as he is, has often been lacking or beyond his horizon. He then faced the choice of either abandoning his energy or expending it on something trivial and so creating parodies.

Yet finally, why is it so impossible to end without saluting him? Because by his dedication to his great themes, by his constant extremism, by the audacity of his jokes, by his simplicity (which is usually taken for incomprehensibility), by his very method of working, he has proved that all the paraphernalia, all the formulæ of art are expendable for the sake of the spirit.

JOHN BERGER

New Things Made Familiar

NO regular programme on television keeps up a higher standard, fortnight in, fortnight out, than *Press Conference*; and it is all the better because of the element of surprise in it: one does not know who the guest is to be until one switches on. Last week it was Mr. Norman Manley, who was being questioned by Mr. Francis Williams, Mr. Ed Newman, Mr. Trevor Evans and Mr. Harold Champion. Mr. Manley I thought an impressive figure and certainly a strikingly handsome one, coming over as somewhat of a less intense Nehru. He was, perhaps, a little nervous at the beginning; understandably, for it was his first television appearance. But, having put Mr. Champion firmly in his place, he was soon the complete master of the situation, relaxed, at ease, and quite obviously with resources of strength that he did not need to tap. He was perfectly assured about his intentions as Chief Minister of Jamaica and also modest about them; and he was able to nail a number of lies, which one has seen reported in some English newspapers, about his own feelings towards England and the English. He spoke with obviously genuine warmth about, for example, the friendships he had made as a gunner in the first war, and his account of how he entered Jamaican politics was moving in its simplicity.

Here was a programme that could not fail to undermine prejudice and extend understanding; and its full success, I think, was due to the fact that it early lost the rigidity of the formal interview and settled down to being conversation. All the best of these programmes have had that quality, the result of the easy relationship struck up between questioners and questioned. One recalls the delightful programme in which the Aga Khan appeared and reminisced with such gusto. For the most part, and very naturally, the guests in *Press Conference* are politicians; there was a departure, though, a few weeks ago, when we had the totally unexpected pleasure of seeing Mr. Cyril Connolly, who exuded amiability and epigrams in equal proportions. And I must say I hope that politicians are not allowed to dominate the programme entirely, for here surely we have the formula for putting over to a large, and on the whole uninformed, public whatever may be interesting in the arts or ideas. Television interviews are not, of course, confined to *Press Conference*, and the titles of programmes scarcely matter; but we need more of them, and at the level of conversation. Mr. Henry Moore, for example, received an honour in the Birthday Honours List. His sculpture may no longer be the *dernier cri* in contemporary art, but I have no doubt it is still well ahead of the great bulk of the television audience. When Mr. Moore or any other controversial or significant figure in art or literature receives official recognition or produces an important new work it seems to me an obvious opportunity to bring him to the studio, or to take the cameras to him, and invite him to discuss his work with a handful of intelligent people.

It happens from time to time, of course: I remember an extremely interesting discussion, with illustrations, between Mr. Tippett and the Earl of Harewood on the eve of the production of Mr. Tippett's recent opera. But it doesn't happen often enough. Indeed, one has the impression that, where books and the arts are concerned, the

Television Service has no policy at all. It may well be that the present inadequate hours of television broadcasting prevent much being done, and yet one can't help feeling that opportunities are lost through a misinterpretation of the nature of television. One sees this in the occasional book reviews we get in *Panorama*, where it seems that the books chosen are chosen simply because they have pictures in them and the pictures can be shown on the screen. But whether books are illustrated or not is unimportant: all that is necessary is to have two or three people capable of talking interestingly about books, capable, in fact, of making good conversation.

More than ever it seems to me that the last word on the functions and value both of TV and sound broadcasting was said, however unwittingly, by Dr. Johnson, when he wrote of *The Rape of the Lock* that in it "New things are made familiar, and familiar things are made new." Here, surely we have the infallible test, and if TV and sound broadcasting do not make the new familiar and the familiar new, then they fail. TV succeeded last week with Mr. Manley. It failed, I thought, with Mr. James Thurber, who appeared in *Panorama*, and how badly one wanted it to succeed. The fault, I am afraid, was Mr. Muggeridge's. He was—what I would never have imagined him capable of being—coy and arch. It was, I fancy, an occasion when being editor of *Punch* got in the way of his being a successful interviewer. And sound? Did sound quite manage to make those almost odiously familiar figures Shaw and Wells new in Mr. Vincent Brome's feature *Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells: Some Social and Literary Encounters*? The answer may depend on age: I remember both their voices, and while it seemed to me Mr. Norman Shelley's Wells was entirely acceptable I thought Mr. Robert Mooney's Shaw altogether too much a broth-of-a-bhoy, too much of a Dublin roarer. Still, the content—letters public and private between them—was amusing enough. Who won? Perhaps the question cannot be answered, because plainly Shaw was never there when Wells hit him, however hard he hit. The real success of this programme lay in the pay-off, in Shaw's obituary of Wells and Wells's (unpublished) obituary of Shaw. What impressed Shaw in Wells was his quality of the spoiled child. What impressed Wells in Shaw was his vanity. Pot and kettle, did you say?

WILLIAM SALTER

Pie in the Sky?

"Strategic Air Command," at the Plaza
Indian Film Festival, at the Scala
De Sica Season, at the Everyman

In more ways than one *Strategic Air Command* catches the attention. Its aerial photography in Vistavision and Technicolor brings new beauties and thrills. It gives a frightening picture of "preparedness," whether one takes the whole thing as fact or tendentious fiction. It relies on its stars, James Stewart and June Allyson, and despite merits out of the ordinary never escapes from a routine story. It is, in fact, a successful Hollywood film, not to be sneezed at. The United States, it seems, is already at war, strategic cold war, with Someone or Other in Eastern Europe. Such is the emergency that it calls up a famous baseball player who has just signed a contract for $70,000 a year: that will give an idea of the seriousness of the situation. This third baseman, Mr. James Stewart, has just married Miss June Allyson and is about to give his house-warming, so as to make things tougher. He resists; they insist. For twenty-one months he must help to fly the latest thing in long-range bombers. He's pilot (could Mr. Stewart be less?) and his first flight lands him with a crash on the Arctic tundra. The second takes him on a non-stop flight to Tokyo, where, of course, visibility is nil. There's some sentimental heroics about a bad shoulder and he —and his wife—manage to get away from Strategic Air Command with honour vindicated and skin safe. They have helped—we gather—to win the cold war, which at any second might have turned hot. This is stereotyped fiction on the human side, but alarming, as I have said, for the revelation or warning. Who needs to be frightened, they or we, or that Other Power, is left to the spectator to decide.

There we are then—or would be, if it weren't for the aeronautics. These look splendid. There are the machines: first the B-36, filling the wide screen, and then that "last word in strato-jet bombers," the B-47. Inside and out, this monster inspires wonder, being due to deliver (I think it was) a thousand times the destruction of Hiroshima. The refuelling in mid-air during the Tokyo flight is like a copulation of dragon-flies. But even more staggering than the planes is the lofty cloudscape, which we see in silver and gold and crimson, a recurring idyll that would drag me to this film a second time. It is a marvellous, an exquisite spectacle, dreadfully tinged, not by Mr. Stewart's struggles with the elements—in which, we know, he is bound to succeed—but by the hideous destructiveness that it prefigures. A fleet of such planes could more or less end civilisation.

For those who prefer old battles and like to try now and then an Indian film there have been plenty of chances during the current week at the Scala. The press were invited—but only a day before its public performance—to consider *Queen of Jhansi*. This is a cut above any Indian film I have seen, but still one that falls short of Western productions and has none of its own to impose. Its attraction lies chiefly in the music, the Technicolor of interiors, the ballet and regalia with which a meandering tale are furbished. How far this struggle of a warrior queen against the insidious British is historic I don't know; but I do know that the cinematic means are clumsy and trite. Nevertheless, eye and ear get something they're not acclimatised to, and to pick up the sub-titles requires a quickness not unfortunately matched by the film itself. India still has a long way to go before she will shine at a film festival not her own.

The De Sica season at the Everyman starts on June 27 with *Miracle in Milan*, which will be followed by successive weeks of *Umberto D* and *Bicycle Thieves*; and the month would have been made up with *Shoeshine*—"alas, no longer available."

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"The Lady and the Fool," at Covent Garden.

In transporting *The Lady and the Fool* from the little to the big Sadler's Wells ballet company, John Cranko has condensed the plot into a far better shape and made some essential cuts; but these latter he has done with such enthusiasm that the epilogue, in which the capricious beauty ends up huddled on the cold bench beneath the street lamp, her face masked with the white paint of a clown, has all gone. For this reason the ballet loses a great part of its irony; it becomes one of the familiar nineteenth-century ballroom romances common to almost every company in America, England and France. Beryl Grey dances the lady with unstinted movements, her legs sweeping the air with such vital ease that they rather outshine her less expressive face. It is the faces in fact, excepting those of Ray Powell and David Blair, that enfeeble this work. Verdi's music is luscious, the decor tastefully handsome, but the luxuriance of human passion that should fill the romance is deficient. In all the eight character parts only David Blair as Signor Midas is sufficient, he is indeed perfect. For the fool hero, one wonders if he ever felt any emotion beyond a pale acceptance, and this frigidity in an art that must heighten all affections is a sad paradox. The new production of *Les Sylphides* by Serge Grigoriev and Lubov Tchernicheva has a discipline and purity of line that revives the magic of this overworked classic. A. F.

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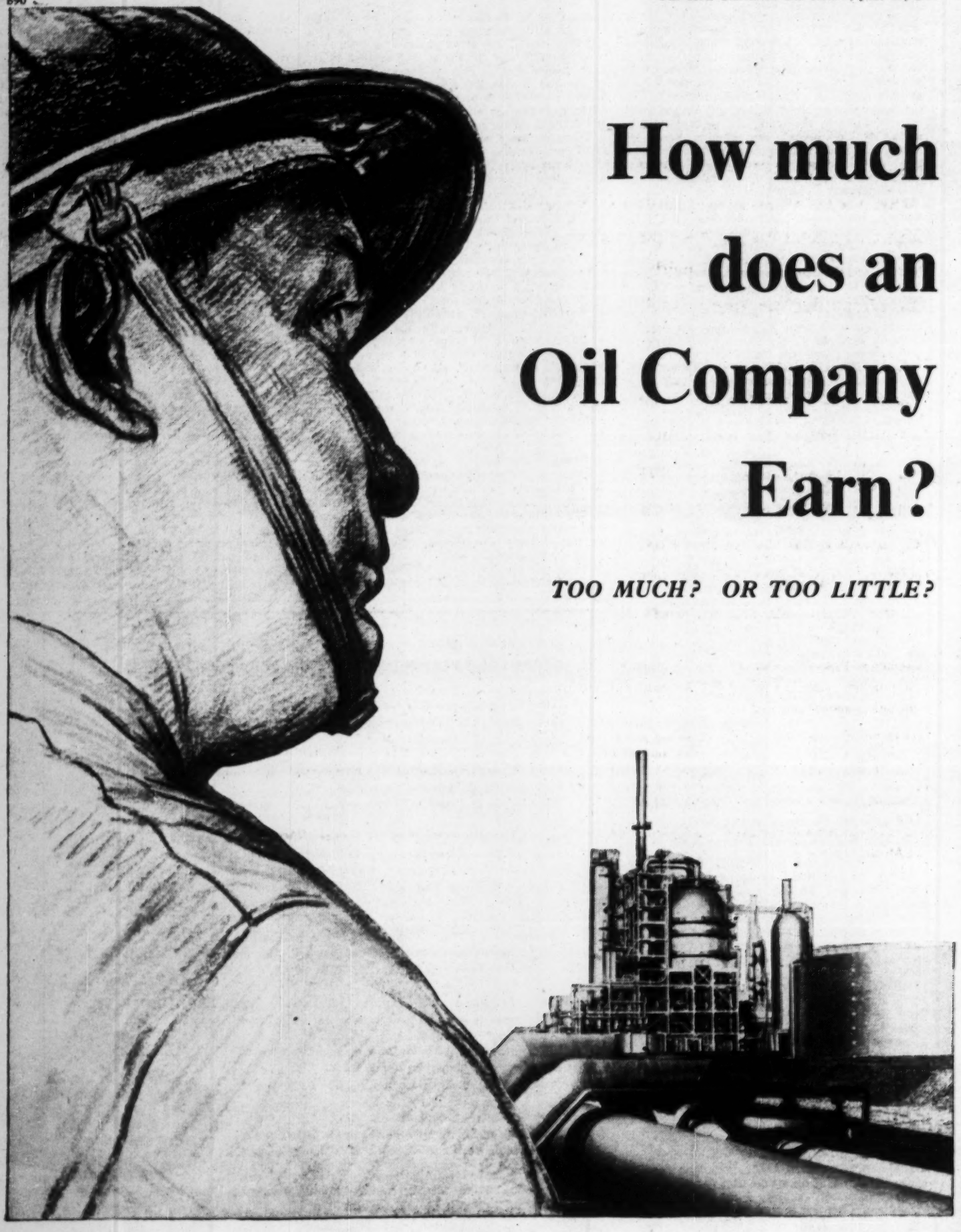

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TOO MUCH? OR TOO LITTLE?

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* *These are some of the facts given in the Company's 1954 Annual Review, just published. If you would be interested to receive a copy, write to:—*

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Correspondence

LESSON FOR LABOUR

SIR,—Lord Winster's letter about the Labour Party was a well-timed plea for an immediate plan; and for the political guts to carry it through. That is precisely what we need—and here are my proposals for the first stages of such a plan.

(1) *Leadership.* In the new political situation it is likely that some individuals will establish themselves in the next 18 months, as the obvious successors to Mr. Attlee. It is far better for us to wait for this to happen, than for there to be any rigid arrangement or time-table.

In any case, the personalities involved are of little interest, except to the small circle immediately concerned. For the rest of us, the main concern is that the party should be well led in the direction that it should go; and that the new leadership takes over in good time for the next election.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison, who are now to some extent both above the battle, can render yet greater services to the movement to which they have already devoted their lives, by guiding and encouraging their colleagues.

(2) *Policy.* Personally, I agree absolutely with the implied suggestion in your columns three weeks ago that there should be a tacit agreement to stand, for the moment, on the policy on which the party fought the General Election. For one thing, this may give many Labour M.P.s, candidates and party workers a chance to read and assimilate *Forward With Labour*—they will discover that it is a document of merit.

Amendments, and the whole debate on future policy will all develop in due course and should be encouraged—the main thing being to encourage the discussion along the right channels. This brings me to my next point.

(3) *Education and Research.* It is here that there is the great vacuum. The spectacle presented at present is that the Left wing thinks that Socialism is about German re-armament; and the Right wing assumes that it is to do with post-war credits. Your journal is as much to blame as anybody for this state of affairs. The argument is about the future of all human society and we must be prepared to construct on that scale.

A two-stage programme is necessary now—and it must be launched at Margate next October.

First, we must get discussion back to long-term principles—such as the common ownership of the means of production, human equality and our permanent democratic Socialist basis for international relations. To do this, we must organise a large panel of lecturers, and a national programme of local week-end schools—for *this* coming winter. It does not matter if the lecturers do not all say exactly the same thing, provided that they are prepared to remember that in their hands lies one of the principal means of pulling discussion back to issues that really matter.

Secondly, serious research should begin now. The party must know how public ownership has worked so far; what political action is necessary to ease mistakes where they have occurred; and it must have a full recognition and understanding of the successes achieved. There must be more research, too, into the whole implications of *Forward With Labour*, so that we can consider any proposed amendments in the light of much fuller information. No one has yet considered for example, in published detail, the political and industrial implications for the democratic Socialist movement of the atomic energy and automation revolutions that will soon be upon us.

In all this, there is imperative need for the closer partnership of the political and industrial wings of the movement. Indeed, it is one reason why only the Labour Party can succeed in the long run.

(4) *The Opposition in the House of Commons.* It is from here that the drive back to power must be initiated and generated. It will involve self-discipline and hard work for the parliamentary party—but its present membership starts with immeasurably greater advantages than those who began the long, long haul after 1931. I am certain that all this is fully appreciated and that there is a deep and sincere desire to establish a co-ordinated parliamentary party able to sustain a four-year campaign of intelligent opposition. There is one obvious danger which is always there, however; that some are bound to want to go faster than others—the latter need to remember that we will cause no ripples if we throw no stones; and the former that the future of democratic Socialism in the world may well depend on us, on our intellectual integrity, and on how practical we are.

This then is the immediate picture confronting the new Parliamentary Committee, which takes office with a greater feeling of goodwill and back-bench support than any of its predecessors.

DESMOND DONNELLY

House of Commons.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the letter from Mr. T. N. Fox in your issue of June 4. It is refreshing to find a correspondent of declared Left tendencies admitting those facts which prove the swing to the Right—the honest admission of disagreeable facts has not hitherto been one of the Left's most noticeable capabilities.

Mr. Fox, however, does not go sufficiently far when he merely refers to "the basic social change of the last 10 years . . . the diffusion of middle-class standards and outlook among a well-paid working class." What he means is that the middle class has now been extended to include much of the working class, and for this profound social revolution the Conservative—and *not* the Labour—Party is principally responsible. Indeed, Mr. Fox implies as much in the conclusion of paragraph (6) of his letter when he says that the basic "achievement of the Labour Party has been the rapid and bitter alienation of the middle class." I think it impossible to deny that the middle class so alienated includes the large body of former working class recruits.

Now to paragraph (10) in which Mr. Fox praises the Conservative Party's method of dealing with its "lunatic fringe"—among which he places Major Legge-Bourke and myself. I do not mind being called a lunatic or even the member of a fringe, but I think that as certain members of the Labour Party have already been grouped into a "lunatic fringe," the same term can hardly be applied to those of us—not only Major Legge-Bourke and myself, but many others—who are regarded by our political opponents as something more than rubber-stampers.

The fundamental difference between *our* "fringe" and the Socialists' is that *our* activities have not tended in any way to weaken our party—which is why the Conservative Party "manages to deal with" us "without making itself ridiculous by public feuds"—whereas the "progressiveness" of certain Socialist Members has been expressed only at the cost of undermining party discipline and weakening and disturbing party counsels.

Since appeal to the electorate is still, even in Socialist circles, regarded as the certain way of testing the validity of policy, it would be interesting to know what Mr. Fox has to say of the fact that the members of the Conservative Party's "lunatic fringe" all held their seats—and many with greatly increased majorities—in the recent Election. Not one of us suffered the sort of ignominy that certain honoured founder-members of Socialism's original Crazy Gang had to endure at the hands of an "alienated" electorate

HENRY KERBY

House of Commons.

THE NEW POOR

SIR,—The author of your recent article, The New Poor, has drawn attention to a problem which voluntary organisations are having to face in their old people's Homes. War-time difficulties showed that many elderly people were suffering from being badly housed and accordingly many Homes were set up to provide housing and some degree of communal care for those who were described as "able-bodied." When the National Assistance Act of 1948 came into operation it was made the responsibility of the major local authorities to provide residential accommodation for those requiring "care and attention." Most of those who went into these Homes originally have, with the lapse of years, ceased to be "able-bodied."

Quite rightly it is now accepted that everything possible must be done to enable elderly people to continue to live happily in the community. Through the activities of local authorities and housing associations many are being housed but more is required. Much is also being done by local health authorities in helping old people by the provision of home helps and much is also being done by local old people's welfare committees of which there are now some 1200, and voluntary organisations generally. People do not therefore now go into Homes because they need housing but because they are in need of "care and attention." I agree with your correspondent that no one should be "turned out" of a Home unless he becomes bedridden or who otherwise, such as through mental trouble, makes it difficult for the other occupants of the Home to live happily in what is "*their* home." But some difficulties must first be overcome. Many of the old houses which were adapted as Homes have difficult stairs which could be managed by the "able-bodied" but may be impossible for the more frail. A lift may have to be installed; this is costly and it is not every Home in which it is possible to install a lift. When there are a number of particularly frail persons in a Home the question of nursing must arise. My Committee recently drew up a memorandum for the guidance of those providing voluntary Homes and suggested, among other things, that it is often now necessary to have some staff with nursing experience. The British Red Cross Society and St. John Ambulance Brigade provide a rota of volunteers in some Homes.

I entirely agree that a person in a Home should always have a sense of security and I am sure that this is generally accepted by those who are running these Homes. It would be wrong for it to be assumed, from the unfortunate personal experience of your correspondent, that the conditions he describes are general throughout the country. JOHN MOSS

Chairman

The National Old People's Welfare Committee,
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THE SMITH ACT

SIR,—While in the Lewisburg Penitentiary I had the opportunity to read in 1954 a very informative article on the meaning and consequences of the Smith Act persecutions in the U.S.A. in the one copy of your journal that was received.

I am one of the eleven Communist leaders convicted under the Smith Act in 1949 and sentenced to five years in prison. The charge was "conspiracy to advocate and teach the overthrow of the U.S. Government by force and violence . . . through organising the Communist Party . . . through circulation of books . . . conduct of classes and schools. . . ." The "act" of conspiracy was membership in the National Committee of the C.P. Irrespective of what one's attitude is towards the C.P., it should be clear to all that this charge that the C.P.U.S.A. was a conspiracy or that it advocated force and violence was completely false.

The main evidence was books (foremost among them being the century-old classic, *The Communist Manifesto*), speeches, reports and articles—all of them public documents. The witnesses were of the Matusow-type, the main one being Louis Budenz. We were jailed for our ideas. Even the U.S. prosecutor said we were not charged with "overt acts," but with "advocacy and teaching." U.S. Supreme Court Justice Black said we were "not charged with non-verbal acts of any kind" and were "not even charged with saying or writing anything designed to overthrow the Government." In effect, we were jailed because we fought for peace and against atomic war; for democracy and against McCarthyism.

On our release on March 1, 1955, we were all rearrested and charged with "membership in the C.P." At a result of a campaign in Scotland that resulted in British Government intervention, I was released from the second indictment and deported here. But all my co-defendants, including General-Secretary Dennis, are still facing a second trial. The charge is identical with the one on which we were already convicted and jailed—it is nothing more than "association" with like-minded persons and the "teaching and advocacy" of proscribed beliefs and books. Thus the "membership" indictment against them not only represents a further invasion of the First Amendment, but violates the constitutional prohibition against double jeopardy.

Even more serious, as the *Louisville Courier-Journal* recently took occasion to emphasise, if membership in the C.P. can be punished as a "crime," then a new blow will have been struck against the Bill of Rights. Indeed, under the purposely vague criteria for "membership" in the C.P. contained in the Communist Control Act of 1954, it will not only be a Dennis, Davis, or a Lightfoot—but very easily a Lattimore or a Carey McWilliams, and even could be a Bunche, Reuther, Lehman, and Corsi who could be found guilty of "membership" or "participation" in "Communist" organisations or "conspiracies."

JOHN WILLIAMSON

London, S.W.15.

ELEVEN PLUS

SIR,—It is time there was some plain speaking about the 11 plus examination and Grammar School staffs. The end of the 11 plus examination would mean the end of the Grammar Schools and the privileged position of those who teach and those who are taught in them. These privileges include smaller classes, better equipment in all subjects (true of the vast majority of Grammar Schools), more congenial work for the teacher (it is obviously pleasanter to teach reasonably able pupils), sixth form work in small groups with no problems of discipline or lack of interest but on the contrary the contact with intelligent minds, the kudos of examination successes for one's pupils, the far greater freedom for the teacher in choice of textbooks, methods of teaching, etc. (an inspector is a rare bird in a Grammar School), greater freedom for the Head in the organisation of the school. Admittedly the work may be more mentally arduous, but most Grammar School teachers prefer sixth form teaching to teaching the D stream of the school.

This vested interest of Grammar School staffs in the continuance of the selective system is not generally acknowledged or recognised but there is no doubt it exists. Most Grammar School teachers condemn the examination at 11 plus for the usual reasons but simply will not face the alternative of abolishing it and instituting the common school for all children where, possibly mistakenly, they are certain that the privileges listed above would be largely lost. Even if the present education grant were doubled, it would take a generation to bring the position of the comprehensive schools up to that of the Grammar Schools, by which time the present staffs of Grammar Schools would have largely retired.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL TEACHER

THE FUTURE OF EAST AFRICA

SIR,—In the Kikuyu Reserve, agricultural reforms on the lines suggested by the Royal Commission have already begun. By mutual agreement among the owners, scattered land-holdings dispersed over several miles are being consolidated into small farms of four or more acres. These consolidated holdings are surveyed, and the owners will be given a title deed in addition to their customary rights. They will be able to bequeath their land or sell it as they choose to other Kikuyu, but the African District Councils will pass by-laws forbidding the subdivision of the farms to less than economic units. This, I take it, is the kind of reform the Commission has in mind.

By farm planning with the advice of the Agricultural Department, such consolidated holdings will be more productive. But they will tend to reduce the number of landowners, since it will no longer be possible for a man's sons to divide his land among themselves at his death, if this would reduce it to less than an economic unit. Hence there will be more people without land who must seek a livelihood elsewhere. In theory, no doubt, the greater prosperity of the land-holders will create a demand for goods and services. But the Kikuyu, at least, seem more interested in making money than in spending it, and even the most prosperous live simply. They told me it was thought frivolous for a man to dress well because he was well to do: the proper course is to use the money to make more.

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Notice to members of
THE ZIONIST MOVEMENT

We would like to inform all members of the Zionist Movement that Achdut-Ha'avoda Poale Zion has established headquarters in the United Kingdom.

A provisional committee has been initiated. Branch committees are being formed in provincial centres. The British section of the party together with its counterpart organisations in America, Canada, South America, France, Belgium, North Africa and other countries together with Israel comprise the **World Federation of Achdut-Ha'avoda Poale Zion** within the framework of the World Zionist Organisation.

We appeal to all people, young and old, who are Socialist Zionist minded, who have the cause at heart, and who desire to participate in our activity to communicate with Bar-Kochba Narod, 201 Ham Park Road, London, E.7 (telephone GRAngewood 0861.)

Rossini's "Italian Girl in Algiers" from Holland Festival Meneghini Callas and Mario del Monaco in "Norma" from Italy; The Concertgebouw Orchestra under Monteux; French recorded performance of "Lakme"; The Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy—These are a few of the important events that readers of **EUROPEAN RADIO** are anticipating this week. Every Friday, Price 6d. The detailed programmes of 25 Radio Stations. From Bookstalls, Newsagents or Europ Publishing Co. (London) Ltd., 137, Blackstock Rd., London, N.4.

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Hence such agricultural reforms will tend to increase the disparity of wealth, excluding from its advantages many of the people, who will become destitute. A policy that increases the total wealth of a community may make some rich and others poorer than they were before, but the first duty of government is towards the poorest of its subjects. The interests of "economic development" seem often taken as an excuse to override them with cheerful ruthlessness.

To this it is usually replied that industrial development must solve the difficulty. But Kenya seems to have few natural resources, and even fewer sources of power. Industry will be required to provide a livelihood for hundreds of thousands of Africans, with houses and provision for their old age, and I do not believe it can be done. Nor does there seem much hope of European farmers greatly increasing their demand for labour. The trend is rather to employ fewer at higher wages. Resettlement schemes are not planned to provide for more than a few thousands.

Therefore, while it may be true, as the Royal Commission maintains, that the wealth of Kenya could be made adequate for its population, I question whether this wealth can be realised so as to distribute it fairly. Should not the value of reform be gauged by its effect on those most in need of help? If so, I believe the assumptions of the Commission need to be re-examined. It may be that the only humane solution to the problems of the landless unemployed in Kenya is for the British taxpayer to pay for subsidised employment. After all, he is, however remotely, responsible for them.

35 Northway. P. H. MARRIS
London, N.W.11.

BETTER ENGLISH

SIR,—Bravo to Mr. Worsley for a fine and timely polemic! I don't know whether I am another of Mr. Vallins' offenders, but since I break the few rules I know whenever it suits me to do so, I should think it likely that I too came in for a reprimand. Until I find out, I cannot write with Mr. Worsley's legitimate personal passion; but there are one or two more general points to be made.

In the grand and early age of English prose, which roughly corresponds to the first half of the seventeenth century, no rules of English usage were observed, since none were generally accepted. Two alternative activities were then available to those who wished to bring some sort of order out of the rich chaos. One was the attempt to codify existing practice, making no judgments but simply providing an empirical record of the ways in which the language had been used. It was also open to anyone, as it still is, to expound theories about how English *should* be used. The first of these activities is useful as an historical and linguistic exercise; the second may be interesting, according to the sense and sensibility of the critic, as the expression of a personal preference.

Modern pedants, of the Vallins type, have confused the two functions. What they do is to make an arbitrary selection from the pool of past precedents and then to insist that rules for present usage can be deduced from the deliberate freezing of a language based on those precedents. This involves an utter failure to understand what language is or how it has developed. It is a living and changing vehicle of expression which has paid, and will pay, no attention whatever to the attempts of the pedants to kill and fix it. Anything will be accepted which comes off, and almost anything may come off. It is possible, though I am doubtful even of this, that official documents and correspondence might benefit from the imposition of certain rules. Any attempt to impose them on prose which has the faintest claim to be imaginative is arrogant insanity. I would emend Mr. Worsley's punishment. I would set Mr. Vallins the task of codifying all the errors of usage and spelling which are to be found in *Ulysses* and *Finnegan's Wake*.

Lindsey, Suffolk. PHILIP TOYNBEE

SIR,—May I testify, just to support Mr. Worsley in his remarks on Mr. Vallins, that the bits of my prose which Mr. Vallins blamed in *Good English* had been written with particular care, chiefly to avoid misunderstanding in the reader, and that I thought the complaints against them wrong-headed.

W. EMPSON
The University, Sheffield.

THE NEW OBSCURANTISM

SIR,—I want to record my deep appreciation of Mr. Kingsley Martin's stirring defence of the liberalism of the 30's. Among the most distressing features of the conservative reaction against the ideas of the 30's has been a rewriting of history as drastic and as wrong as any manufactured by a dictatorship. The new conservatism has managed to extend the Nazi lie of the enemy from within to British and American liberalism with dismal success. Since the turning-point of Spain, liberalism has had to fight, not for its cause, but against the perversions of its cause. Yet the values for which we stood in the 30's and since, are permanent values which stem, as Mr. Martin has rightly shown, from the fundamental Western tradition of humanism. It is time that they were reaffirmed with the same faith and vigour which once moved us and which must have moved Mr. Martin when he wrote his last paragraph.

As a teacher, I am appalled and saddened by my students' ignorance of their immediate past. If they have any awareness of the history of the last two decades, it is a grotesque travesty of what happened as we know it to have happened to us. The worst consequence of this acceptance of the conservative caricature of recent history is a fear of principled action. To seek safety in conformity seems to be the ideal of young people as I hear it expressed in my classes. And if this spiritual vacuum is filled at all, it is filled by those who hawk super-patriotism, xenophobia, and irrationalism. Despite the fulminations of Mr. Fairlie in England and Mr. Kirk in the United States, I am not at all persuaded that liberalism, as Mr. Martin has defined it in his article, has been guilty of the great betrayal. On the contrary: in the face of the strength of the reaction of the last twenty years, it is a wonder that liberalism has succeeded in accomplishing as much as it has.

No rewriting of history, in whatever guise, can alter the values of what we believed in the 30's nor can it deny their worth today. Stitch and sew as cleverly as Messrs. Fairlie and Kirk will, the emperor is still naked; the great vices still appear through the tattered clothes of the new conservatism.

HERBERT WEISINGER
Michigan State College.

MODERN POETS

SIR,—My generalisation, to which Mr. Blackburn objects, about the attitude of many good contemporary minor poets—"humane, liberal, respectfully agnostic, patient of weakness"—was not a piece of axe-grinding. I don't know what is the "small clique of academic verse technicians" that I am supposed to be the "leading member" of. My sinister "Wednesday evenings" are, in fact, informal gatherings to which poets of all sorts and conditions, including sometimes Mr. Blackburn himself, come. Their main usefulness, I think, is in opening up lines of communication between different groups.

Obviously, there are a number of poets—those with a transcendental vision, a coherent religious faith, or those, like Mr. Blackburn himself, with a special interest in ghosts and magic—to whom my generalisation does not apply. It did apply to four out of the five books I was reviewing. The liberal attitude is the commonest attitude among contemporary intellectuals, and, being common, it is naturally widely reflected in verse. The kind of critic or poet who finds it a boring attitude finds also a central range of human experience boring: the range of doubt and uncertainty, of puzzled good will, of bearing with your neighbour's different way of seeing things, of struggling against temptations to self-deception, of striving to follow your true light. Putting agnosticism aside (for there is a Christian humanism), does Mr. Blackburn think that one must be—to invert my original phrases—*il*liberal, *in*humane, and *im*patient of weakness to be a good poet? If I really thought so (but could any sane person think so?), I should be inclined to say: "Then, to hell with poetry!"

G. S. FRASER

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Superior Being

THE sight of solemn self-improvement and the conscious attempt to form the character is made for comedy. It is true that we do not laugh at George Fox, at Bunyan or the saints, but that is because they are translated by ecstasy or vision. They are remade by fire. And we do not laugh at Montaigne, whose inquiries are sceptical, melancholy and passive and do not purpose any new action. But, in literature, Malvolio is farcical; and in life, a Boswell is fatuous and a Stendhal overweening. They act. They are the comedians of self-consciousness. The point was caught by Alfred de Musset in his delightful drawing of Stendhal dancing outside an inn, which appears on the jacket of the first English translation of his *Diaries*. The fat mystifier and "superior being" of 170 pseudonyms is seen in top hat, great coat and riding boots, kicking up his heels and capering like a travelling actor before a servant girl who does not look very interested. Stendhal is caught schooling himself. The vivacity and leer of his eye, the calculated abandon and delightful vanity of the performance, indicate a man enjoying one more experiment in the difficulty of becoming a passionate soul. Of course, we read this into the portrait because we know our author; we recognise that here is a split figure who feels abandon is the duty of M. Beyle because it gives M. Stendhal the pleasure of using his intellectual measuring stick.

One of the many reasons given for Stendhal's lucky guess that he would be understood a hundred years after his death is that he was in at the birth of modern egotism. We have seen his cult of egotism grow into the science of the ego. This view is followed by Mr. Robert Sage, the American editor and translator of this volume* who writes his expository essays with zest if he is sometimes less than happy in his translation. Stendhal is the prince of expatriates, a life member of the parricide club, a master of self-criticism and the divided impulse, the perfect displaceable person, the unsubmissive child of revolution and war. He is equipped with the fortitude of those who, after considering the historical situation in which they find themselves, set out to formulate and practise a new attitude—an attitude which will preserve them from the taint of the *ancien régime* and the corruption of the new. This logic of Stendhal's has found a response; but however much we admire his psychological perception, his military attack and a quality that looks like administrative efficiency in the business of the human heart, he is fussy in analysis. He mounts the specimens of his conduct but there is something dry and dead in the little glitter when they are mounted. So often his subject appears to be that small region of the human heart where chiefly pride or vanity dwell.

From the point of view of Beylistes, the *Diaries* are the irresistible fragmentation of a life. They begin in 1801 when he was a young officer in Napoleon's armies in Italy, they take him to France, Germany, back to Italy and, too briefly, through the Russian campaign; they end in 1814 with the crack-up of the Napoleonic world and the victory of the shopkeepers. They cover the embrace of illusion and the disentanglement; that is to say, the shocks that form a man. For those who live in the hermitage of the past, these journals and the immense correspondence, contain enough detailed material for vicarious living to last for several generations. We understand why Stendhal is a cult. Then—the journals are youth itself in all its pride and touchiness, in its shyness and absurdity, in its intensity and ambition, in its ruthless misunderstanding. They portray the eternal young man going to the wars to make his fortune. And, for the literary critic, there is another interest. These diaries indicate how the mind of the novelist was formed. On every page, in some detail of character or dialogue, in remarkable things like the day by day accounts of his love affairs with Mélanie Guilbert and Anna Pietragrua, the novelist unconsciously creates himself. He has the novelist's indispensable taste for bores. It is not really surprising that a mind as schematic as Stendhal's was should have mistaken the purpose of his system, and that for years he should have imagined himself to be a born poetic dramatist. His theory that to arouse the love of one woman it was necessary to begin by making her jealous of another, turned out to be disastrous; but it worked out well in art, for the dramatist eventually provoked the novelist. Stendhal lived by intellectual provocations. He made no mistake about the essential nature of his talent: it was comic. The comic gift is born out of the poetic; if Stendhal goes home in ecstasy or tears after he has squeezed a lady's arm, if shattering gloom settles on him before the promise of victory, and boredom is the reward of love, he cools himself down punctually by analysis, by philosophical reading, by the famous *logique*. It is absurd, but out of it comes his genius.

Why did his attempts at the theatre fail? Some critics—Mr. Sage reminds us that Paul Valéry was one—have thought he was born for the theatre. He lived in the theatre, he studied acting thoroughly; he even sat through plays in Paris and Milan with the script on his knee, marking the places where the audience laughed. That betrays him: he was working out a theory of laughter and his theories usually let him down. The trouble was that Stendhal's poetic sense was impure and, as Mr. Sage says, he had no sense of theatre. One would prefer to say he had a wrong-headed sense of it. One or two grotesque scenes which have dumbfounded the critics of his novels—I think of the impossible scene of the faked childbirth in *Lucien Leuwen* and the incredible end of *Le Rouge et le Noir*—are false because they are melodramatic conceptions. Did he, perhaps, confuse the theatrical and the bizarre? He admired the peremptoriness of drama, its rhetorical leaps out of reality, its sudden simplifications, but his genius was observant, not passionate. It is noticeable that in life he acted in order to provide himself with memories. It was by telling her his memories of her ten years before, that Stendhal succeeded at last with Anna Pietragrua in 1811. In 1817, re-reading his own account of it, he is careful to put the exact date. "This is all very amusing for me to re-read in 1817 (November 2, 1817) after what I've seen since." The theme recurs:

> Signora Lamberti . . . introduced me to the greatest doctor in Italy and his wife.
>
> That didn't lift the gnawing *gloom*. I came back to my room furious; that is, I'd have taken pleasure in rending bleeding flesh if I'd been a lion, because I'd have been kept busy and consequently distracted, and besides that I'd have found consolation in doing something powerful . . . But *rage* at what?—At everything, but among other things to have failed to maintain my dignity by staying too long in Signora Pietragrua's *loge* and making myself scorned by the woman I loved. I pictured her letting me see in five or six different ways that she could get along quite well without my love. The rage also came from bad humour at no longer having any pleasure of memory . . . It's at times like this that I have need of a friend.

The break between brain and heart in Stendhal's character deprived him of the sense of rising power and continuity necessary to the theatre, and turned him to the bizarre on the one hand or to psychological preciosity on the other.

The *Diaries* of Stendhal were private. Egotism wished to contemplate itself and not to display itself to others. He was also secretive. It was fatal to expose one's hand. He refused to describe happiness because description, he said, destroyed. He was aware that his mind was a killing-bottle and that his enterprise was scientific. At the age of eighteen he decided that his object was to know the human heart, for only in that knowledge could one find guidance to the true end of life: the pursuit of happiness. And to obtain that knowledge "a mathematical and rigid report on my manner of being" was necessary. He wished to set down his intimate consciousness, not with the naive wonder or the foolish innocence of a Boswell—despite their common revelling in their sensibility—but in order to become "a superior being." The child of revolution and upheaval—he had tried to compromise his father with the Terrorists in Grenoble—the soldier of Napoleon, he conceived life as strategy, manœuvre, tactics, and secret service. The rigidity of his report is directed only to this: to his style. In this only too conscientious and almost Methodistical preoccupation, Stendhal's "intimate consciousness" appears to be nothing but a military review of his own vanity. One laughs, as he wonders whether he put his hand on the lady's leg too soon, whether he timed the amount of his talking correctly, whether he behaved in the proper fashion before this rival or the other. He imagined—very often falsely—what was being said in the enemy camp. He is often a coxcomb and in matters like his absurd attempt to become the lover of Mme Daru, he is vulgar. Years later he sees this, of course; but he is, even then, annoyed with himself only for mistaking his own character. Yet with his vanity there is a tenderness and, above all, an absence of falsity which disarm:

* *The Private Diaries of Stendhal.* Edited and translated by ROBERT SAGE. *Gollancz.* 25*s*.

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I must write down lest I forget it, my condition in Milan during the months that followed the battle of Marengo. I'd never seen life, not the tiniest bit of it but I'd lived in all possible novels, including *Heloise;* I believe by this time I had read *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* and *sought emotions* in it. The lack of imagination and pedantry of my parents for a long time spoiled the word *virtue* for me; I was incapable of imagining happiness, and, to tell the truth, I'm only capable of finding it even now far from what is called *virtue* in womanhood. With the quality of being extremely sensitive I therefore combined in 1800, 1801 and 1802 that of desiring to be considered a *roué* and it is obvious that I was the very opposite of that character.

He was a Romantic waiting for the carriage to break down or the miracle to occur. He could forgive himself later on, but he could not forget.

We have to see the assertions of Stendhal against scenes of movement and action. He is on the move in war, and all the confusion of billet and bivouac is described sharply and, above all, swiftly. Stendhal attends to life with despatch. We feel his elation and his impatience burns. The famous boredom comes from the consuming part of his mind. Life turns to tinder. The quick transitions in his narratives are from nature:

> Leaving the home of the sick woman, I was saying, we went to look for some meat and wine at the convent; I almost received a wound in the belly from an officer who was pummelling a soldier with the hilt. Going and coming I continually admired the situation of Lambach. I said to myself "There's the most interesting spectacle I've ever seen in my life." Seeing some cannon set up beside the convent door, I said to Lacombe "All that's lacking here is the enemy and a fire."

And he is on the move in peace: from lodgings to theatre, from theatre to salon, walking, riding, escorting, moving on. We do not read his *Diaries* especially for these pictures of a period; they will reappear in proper form, when he becomes a novelist; but they give a crackle to his personal comedy and so convince us of its reality. The difficulty with a temperament like Stendhal's is that it is hard to credit; when we are at last convinced that he did live and think as he says he did, we understand the difficulty; he did succeed in creating himself, he was a major innovation. That rarely occurs. He is the link between the rational man and the superman.

V. S. PRITCHETT

A Bestiary for Scholastics

These beasts are fabulous, yet were believed
When minds were fabulous. Impossibilities
Guarding their feline bulk with reptile stings
(The woodcut cannot lie) cross-bred with fish,
While pure strains, tupped by etymologies,
Littered their dracos, sirens, bulls with wings.
Unquestioned as the ghost got Him who rose,
Firm as the Virgin's bodily ascent,
A faith in unicorns would not suppose
The fact betrayed by what the symbol meant.
Such sureness and such beauty, you may say,
To lock a universe within a fable;
But, crucified, your mind's integrity
May never rise to prove that world is stable,
Though, sanctioned by a church, you will be free
To bind your god inside a bestiary.

CHARLES TOMLINSON

Marxism Makes Sense

On Economic Theory and Socialism. By MAURICE DOBB. *Routledge.* 21*s.*

Marxism is unfashionable today. It is odd that a method of historical analysis should go in and out of fashion like cloche hats, but it is a fact. Whether a theory is fashionable or not is irrelevant to its intellectual validity. But it is not irrelevant to its manner of application. When Marxism was fashionable, it was put to all sorts of extraneous uses: as a substitute for personal religion, as a vehicle for private spites and grudges, as an intellectual pose. Now that it is no longer fashionable (Christianity, either of the Roman or of the high Anglican variety, having succeeded to its extraneous functions), it is possible to make use of it as a technique of historical investigation.

Here is a volume of essays by a leading English Marxist, showing how Marxism can be used scientifically and not emotionally. It consists of articles and reviews, written over a period of thirty years, on economic history, on economic theory, and on Soviet economics and institutions. It is an impressive achievement. From so much richness the reviewer can only pick out the portions that strike him with more particular force.

The three articles on the problem of economic calculation in a Socialist economy (one of them previously unpublished) call first for attention. There has long been going on an involved three-sided debate on this subject. The three parties are, first, the "liberals" (in the Continental sense), like Mises and Hayek, who deny both the possibility of rational economic action in the absence of a price system and the possibility of a price system in the absence of private ownership of the means of production. Second come the "democratic" Socialists, like Durbin and Lerner, who believe in the price system as a necessary condition of rational action, but consider that an efficient price system can function in a Socialist community. Third come those Socialists (mostly Marxians) like Maurice Dobb, who attack what they consider the spurious rationality of the price system and uphold the fundamental rationality of large general decisions such as are taken by the planning authorities in a Soviet state.

Mr. Dobb considers that the second school of thought has answered the objections of the first; but he then turns his guns against their position, trying to show that a Socialist price economy, although possible, is not necessarily any more rational than a centrally planned economy. He uses recent work by orthodox economists on welfare theory in order to show how the price system is interlocked with the distribution of income, in such a way that an economic decision based upon a given set of prices is rational only if one assumes that the existing distribution of income is ideal (whatever that may be). He also criticises the Socialist price-economists on the grounds that they assume a given development of technique, and that their conclusions are invalid for a society in which there is rapid technological change. At the same time, Mr. Dobb repels the charge made against him (and the Soviet planners) that they are indifferent to consumers' desires or that they advocate a centrally regimented economy with arbitrary decisions. If the reviewer is not wholly convinced by the argument, he must, at any rate, admit that the case against the price economy, capitalist or Socialist, is presented with the utmost skill, persuasiveness and fairness.

Closely related to these three articles is one "On Some Tendencies of Modern Economic Theory," in which current economic theory is criticised on the grounds of lack of social content, subjectivism, and impotence in the face of monopolistically managed prices and contrived scarcity. "A Sceptical View of the Theory of Wages" takes a similar line. "The Entrepreneur Myth" reveals the author as having a truly classical ability to drive both theory and history in double harness. "The Economic Basis of Class Conflict" re-states in a moderate and persuasive

manner the essential content of the Marxian theory of class, and deals with some of the objections that have been brought against it.

"Full Employment and Capitalism" is a salutary reminder that we *may* be living in a fool's paradise. Full employment cannot be accepted as a gift of God, anxious to make amends for His ill-treatment of humanity in the Thirties; nor can it be safely assumed that, since Keynes has spoken, we now know all about the box of tricks called capitalism and can manipulate it so as to produce full employment at will. The failure of Roosevelt's "New Deal" to produce full employment in the absence of large military expenditure and our own present dependence on massive armament expenditure by the State are warning signs. Following Kaldor, Mr. Dobb thinks that disparity between the rates of growth of capital-goods and consumer-goods industries may once again bring about a slump. Also he draws attention to the danger that capitalist monopoly may thwart an expansionist policy. Nevertheless, he is too dogmatic, in this reviewer's opinion, when he assumes that capitalism cannot by its very nature maintain full employment.

Articles of a different kind are the two lectures, one on Lenin and the other on Marx, models of condensed but clear exposition, dealing both with the lives and the teachings of their subjects. Another triumph of simple exposition is the article on "Historical Materialism and the Economic Factor." Anyone who wants to know what Marxism-Leninism is all about could scarcely do better than begin with these three articles. Of more specialised interest are the articles on the Soviet economy, on Marxist economic theory (the 'transformation problem,' *i.e.*, the relation between price and value according to the labour theory of value), and the review of Rosa Luxemburg's *Accumulation of Capital*.

H. D. DICKINSON

Ghostly Presences

Kierkegaard. Selected and introduced by W. H. AUDEN. *Cassell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Journey Through Dread: A Study of Kierkegaard, Heidegger and Sartre. By ARLAND USSHER. *Darwen Finlayson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

After the Oxford and Princeton University Presses' splendid war-time efforts to get out a complete Kierkegaard in translation, it is sad to see him, in this his centenary year, dwindle to a volume of extracts made and introduced by a famous poet. It is a very good selection, but Kierkegaard was a thinker to whom his method of exposition always meant a great deal and whose magic (if one finds it magic) is therefore peculiarly suppressed by treating him as an aphorist. Mr. Auden has further suppressed all sources. On the other hand, the extracts have been culled from the existing translations, and there are traces of the various forms of near-English to which Messrs. Lowrie, Swenson and Dru were sometimes reduced. It would have been a more interesting book if Mr. Auden had got together with some helpful Dane and produced versions of his own.

Mr. Auden is, one understands, now a Christian himself, and his determination to insist on the Christianity of Kierkegaard is perfectly reasonable. It was not, however, I should have thought, necessary to begin by saying: "Kierkegaard was neither a poet nor a philosopher." He was obviously a philosopher of some kind: those who have said in the past that he was not have meant either that he was not a systematic philosopher (nor was Plato) or that they did not like his philosophy. On the other hand, since he did not write in verse, to say that he was not a poet seems rather pointless: when he spoke of The Poet or of himself as poet, he was using the word in an analogical sense which nobody misunderstands.

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HEINEMANN

and of the senses in which the word "existential" may properly be used when we are speaking about Kierkegaard. There is nothing in Kierkegaard more important than this *Either/Or* side of the matter, and it does not seem to me that Mr. Auden's rendering it in terms valid for himself today contains any essential falsification. Among the extracts themselves, one is pleased to see so much from *The Present Age*, with its uncanny predictions about what the Press would come to mean in our lives. One of the five headings under which Mr. Auden groups his extracts—"Christ the Offence"—has been thought not to be Kierkegaard's best subject: he has even been suspected of living in a Christian universe in which the role of Christ had not yet been filled. The one major work from which Mr. Auden prints nothing is *Stages on Life's Way*.

The purpose of this compilation is clear and easily justified: Mr. Auden thinks that it would be a good thing if more people read some Kierkegaard, and he has lent the glamour of his name and the force of his personality to this good cause. Mr. Ussher's purpose is obscure, though one may guess at some of the mechanisms by which his book has come about.

The reader with pencil poised over his library list should note, first, that it is not in the least an *introduction* to Kierkegaard, Heidegger and Sartre: anybody who does not already know a good deal about these three writers would find it merely baffling. Perhaps the book could best be regarded as Mr. Ussher's farewell to a hobby out of which he has had many a happy hour during the past ten years. Existentialism, he seems to say, has been fun, is still fun, but *of course* it won't *really do*.

Mr. Ussher, it will be remembered, is (or was) the Irish existentialist. Some of his thought-adventures must have taken place in Dublin's famous conversational centres, and the fun there (for him) would not be quite unmixed. The Irish are dreadful teases: during these ten years Mr. Ussher must have put up with some merciless leg-pulling, which has created in him a compulsive need to demonstrate every two or three pages that he does not really take *en-soi* and *pour-soi*, *Angst* and *Dasein* seriously. The ponderous, circumlocutory wits are not going to have it all their own way. Mr. Ussher, too, will make jokes.

He will still say that Sartre "is probably the greatest intellectual energy in the world today . . . in dialectical skill and virtuosity he has no rival," but then the next moment he will portray the silly fellow whizzing around in his thought-cage like a frantic squirrel or make rude remarks about his physical appearance or catch him out foolishly missing some point clear to everybody else. "Kierkegaard's mistake," he will discover, "lay in condemning the Aesthetic, which alone can unite the subject with the object" (he'd better have that one out with Mr. Auden). One is also made aware of Mr. Ussher's ghostly audience by references to Oscar Wilde, Shaw, Yeats, Joyce, Synge and St. Thomas Aquinas. In the Kierkegaard essay alone, he further refers to Karl Marx, Emily Brontë, Cardinal Newman, the Bhagavad Gita, Tertullian, Aristophanes, Blake, Samuel Butler, Florence Nightingale, Gide and Lord Byron. The Heidegger essay is the best. The reason may be that Mr. Ussher's tormentors have bothered him less about Heidegger, whom perhaps, in view of his almost total unavailability in translation, they have not read.

Mr. Ussher is not a stupid man, but he could, I think, not unfairly be described as a dilettante. Many of his separate observations are shrewd; all they needed was following up; the follow-up, however, is a principle of attack, and Mr. Ussher, vacating a position, makes do with Parthian shots. At present, he is, I gather, a Buddhist. On his concluding page, he tells us that he is next going to write a book on D. H. Lawrence, in whom he finds "the glow of poetic apprehension, or the 'essential' experience . . . . English Lawrence—that true poet-thinker who yet . . . remained faithful to the Earth." I shall look forward to this work with eagerness, though, as his sincere well-wisher, I would beg Mr. Ussher to be on his guard against now letting Kierkegaard, Heidegger and Sartre in by the back door and to avoid all reference to, at any rate, Aristophanes and Florence Nightingale.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

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2,000 Fathoms Down. By GEORGES HOUOT and PIERRE WILLM. *Hamish Hamilton* and *Hart-Davis.* 18*s.*

Two thousand fathoms is just over two and a half miles. To dive to such enormous depths is easy enough: more difficult is to come up again in one piece, especially when there is no cable between the diving sphere and its parent ship.

A two-and-a-half mile cable is too heavy and too long to be practicable: the deep-sea diver must therefore be self-propelled and self-controlled. This is the idea behind the bathyscaphe or "deep-boat." It consists of a pressure-resisting sphere buoyed by a float full of petrol, the bottom of the float being open to the sea so that the shell does not have to withstand differences of pressure. The whole bathyscaphe, being lighter than water, is trimmed on the surface by means of ballast; to dive, the airlock which gives entry to the sphere is flooded, and this additional weight is enough to make the bathyscaphe submerge. To rise, the ballast is dropped. The bathyscaphe in fact is a kind of underwater balloon—a kind of zeppelin, to be more exact, since it can be driven forwards by two small motors.

This ingenious vessel was largely the idea of Professors Piccard and Comyns. But their bathyscaphe came to grief in 1948, and another was built, around the original sphere and on the same general principles, by Commander Houot and Lieutenant Willm of the French Navy. They had to start nearly from scratch, the work being a succession of minor problems, easily solved in theory ("just a matter of ironmongery," Professor Piccard would say airily when advising them in the early stages) but very tough in practice.

The first dives were successful, though derided by the attendant aqualung divers who could go deeper by a mere flip of their backs. But the bathyscaphe was capable of greater things, as it showed when it beat the record descent of 1,350 metres set up by Barton in the bathysphere: it dived to 1,520 metres, though admittedly with no one inside it. Everything was then ready for the first big manned descent. Houot and Willm climbed into the sphere, closed the hatch, opened the oxygen cylinders and hung up the baskets of soda-lime which were to keep the air sweet. Houot opened the valve which let the sea into the airlock above the hatch, and the bathyscaphe sank swiftly below the surface. They went down at a speed of ½ m.p.h.: the transparent blue of the sea gradually got darker, and at a depth of 100 metres took on a purity and subtlety of colour that defied analysis: a strange, penetrating and translucent blue, dark yet brilliant. When the searchlights were switched on the water turned milky. Animals appeared: fish, jellyfish and a luminous "Charlemagne's Crown." At 500 metres they reduced speed by shedding their ballast of steel pellets which they could hear rattling dully above them—a comforting noise. At 600 metres they saw a spiral medusa a metre high, translucent and striped with orange, that rhythmically stretched and contracted like a coiled eel. At 750 metres a slight accident occurred: when sending a message by asdic to the parent ship above them, the extra demand on the current lowered the voltage and caused an electromagnet on a ballast silo to open: the silo shed its load, and the bathyscaphe began to rise. It thus proved itself safe enough, for any accident at once makes it surface. Houot and Willm could have continued the descent by discharging some petrol, but caution prevailed. The bathyscaphe went on rising; the water changed from black to blue, and phosphorescent animalcules threw off trails of fire and burst into luminous explosions when they hit the porthole.

The next descent was more successful: they reached 1,550 metres, descending through a soup of plankton; then came another to 2,100 metres, when they first saw shoals of small fish swimming upright on their tails. After these dives preparations were made for what would be the crowning achievement of the whole enterprise. This was to take place off Dakar, where the sea goes down to a depth of over 4,000 metres. After a preliminary unmanned descent to these depths, which the authorities in Paris had insisted upon, the bathyscaphe was again towed out to sea, accompanied by a boatload of journalists all agog to witness what they could of the dive.

Houot and Willm again shut themselves into their six-foot high sphere, and submerged. The water seethed with plankton, and became quite turbid. "It's raining!" one of them exclaimed, as the increasing pressure squeezed the two halves of the sphere more closely together, forcing a few drops of moisture out of the joint. The plankton soup disappeared at 1,000 metres, and reappeared at 2,000. A fleet of red shrimps with long antennæ came past, pedalling very hard, and some small medusas. At 4,000 metres they dropped ballast and after another 100 metres made a slow, perfectly controlled landing on the seabed. The seabed was very white, covered with small ridges and cones and, more mysterious, pocked with a great number of small holes which were later found to be the burrows of shrimps.

This sight of the seabed gave to both the bathyscaphers a curious sense of security: after the awe-inspiring descent through the dark, the small circle of ground which their searchlights lit up looked quite dependable, even though so many fathoms of sea water lay above. A shark came visiting, and they managed to photograph a tulip-like sea-anemone; and just as they were beginning to accustom themselves to the strange and lonely world they had discovered, they felt two ominous shudders, and the searchlights ceased working. For some reason the electromagnets

holding the outside batteries had cut out, and the batteries had dropped off. The decrease in weight at once sent the bathyscaphe soaring upwards. They arrived at the surface an hour and a quarter later—"it was so nice at the bottom," they said to each other regretfully, as they once more saw daylight.

But the bathyscaphe went down many times more, though to lesser depths. They saw large numbers of squids, and for the first time understood the purpose of the greatly elongated fins and tail of a fish called Benthosaurus: they form a tripod so that the fish can hold itself comfortably off the ocean floor. They discovered an incredible mud canyon off Dakar, and contorted piles of rock jutting cliff-wise from the seabed; and they experienced a two-knot current at the bottom, which had previously not been suspected. And what was that whitish, serpent-like tube of an animal that undulated slowly past their observation window? The ocean surface has long been familiar to us; here is one of our first glimpses into its unfamiliar depths.

FRANCIS HUXLEY

Gossip from Moscow

Stalin's Russia and After. By H. SALISBURY. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

After a brief tour of duty in war-time Russia, Mr. Salisbury returned to Moscow to reopen the *New York Times* office in the spring of 1949, when the cold war was at its coldest. He left five years later—after the fall of Beria, but before that of Malenkov—and this book is based on the information and impressions he collected in these five years. Padded out with all the literary stuffing to which foreign correspondents have recourse when they turn from reporting to the composition of a book, *Stalin's Russia and After* tells us more about Mr. Salisbury than about Russia. It is bad luck that he gives us all the reasons why Krushchev could never oust Malenkov, and has had to explain his mistake in an introductory postscript. But this mistake does not prove Mr. Salisbury a bad reporter. After all, his guess might come right some day if Krushchev falls and Malenkov returns.

The fair criticism of Mr. Salisbury is that his judgments, whether confirmed or unconfirmed by events, are usually mere guesses. From his "vantage point" in Moscow he could do little except read early editions of *Izvestia* and *Pravda* each morning; and on the few trips he took through the country, obtained only the information available to any traveller. The blunt fact is that the western journalist in Russia cannot do the job for which he is trained, and is forced to dish out the same gossip and guesses which are current in Washington and London.

> On the night Molotov gave a party for Chou, I happened to be in the room next to the most innermost room myself. Marshal Zhukov was there too, and between peeking at the honoured guests, I kept an eye on the famous Marshal. He chatted quietly most of the evening with the navy chief, Admiral Kuznetzov. I saw him munching new Crimean apples. After he had eaten four, he switched to green cucumbers and ate two large ones. Occasionally he glanced into the room where the Junta were entertaining Chou, as though to satisfy himself that all was in good order. Then he returned to his conversation and his cucumbers. He gave me the impression of a man who is confident that his affairs are in good hands and going well.

A journalist who reported this kind of news in any other country would not be disappointed if it was dropped after the first edition of the gossip column in next evening's paper. That the story is preserved in an expensive book as part of the evidence on Zhukov's political standing only confirms the view that the wise reporter either refuses an assignment to Moscow or suffers his temporary banishment from journalism without falling for the temptation of writing a book.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Shrine or Cenotaph?

Works of Frances Hodgkins in New Zealand. By E. H. MCCORMICK. *Oxford.* 25*s.*

John Piper. Introduction by S. JOHN WOODS. *Faber.* 4 *gns.*

To the sceptic a gigantic fane, built to house the parings of a saint's toe-nail, may appear ridiculous, and although few sensitive persons will be downright unbelievers in the art of Frances Hodgkins or in that of John Piper there will be some to whom it will seem that there is a certain disproportion between the form and the content of these books. While rejoicing in any tribute to artists of undoubted talent they may wonder at the sumptuous and glossy bulk of Messrs. Faber and Faber's production, or at the fantastic thoroughness with which Mr. McCormick has catalogued every slight sketch in the *Otago Witness* or the *New Zealand Illustrated Magazine*. It is perhaps unreasonable, but not wholly unnatural, to suppose that the adornments of the printer, the publisher and the scholar, when lavished on so prodigious a scale, must rest upon a body stout enough to carry any quantity of canonicals with dignified assurance. Now solidity is that which, despite all their virtues, these painters lack. Of Frances Hodgkins it may be said that although she ended by discovering her soul she never really found a body into which to put it. John Piper, releasing himself from a conscientious but tedious pursuit of abstractions, returned—as a man might return from outer space—to relish the beauties of the visible world; but somehow his sojourn in the void has left him permanently disembodied and he has never quite managed to come down to earth.

Miss Hodgkins comes off best. In the first place she is dead, and the dead can more easily support monuments than the living. Also, there was something heroic and indomitable about her character. Her late start, her slow development, her struggle to find something better than the

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clever but perfectly ladylike watercolour style with which she had learned to please refined circles in Auckland and Dunedin, her few early half-stifled exclamations of genius, her defeats, her escape to Europe, her continual poverty and the fine, late flowering of her talent, make a curiously moving story. And then Mr. McCormick tells it with such honesty, such modesty, and such good sense that one must feel grateful for his book even if one is not a student of Frances Hodgkins's works, or of what may, perhaps, be called Antipodiana.

The case of Mr. Piper is different. He is, potentially, much the stronger artist of the two, and where Miss Hodgkins was content with charms he relies upon incantations. He conjures dark, terrible and incoherent vapours through which burst inexplicable floods of vivid light. Colour and form, in ruin reconciled, run mad across his canvases. Nor does he spare any technical devices—resists, blobs, blurs, scratchings, hatchings, scrapings, pastings and scrawlings are freely employed to add strength and mystery to his textures. Then, to bring order out of chaos, he paints, with one or two brief decisive strokes, a phrase—laconic as a stage direction—which tells us that this is a quoin, that a battlement, a crescent moon, a lattice-window or the branch of a tree.

The result is invariably pretty. But, manifestly, Mr. Piper is attempting something more serious than prettiness. His is a dramatic temperament, and in fact he succeeds wonderfully when he is actually working for the theatre. But without a drama about which to be dramatic he falls flat. *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark is hardly less pointless than the Castle of Elsinore without Hamlet. The splendid sound and fury of his pictures cannot be more than a pleasant decoration unless we can believe in the reality of his drama. Sometimes, in his landscapes, he almost succeeds, but for the most part his world is too insubstantial to compel belief. This difficulty is emphasised not only by the plates but by the text, not the pleasant eulogy of Mr. S. John Woods, but Mr. Piper's own brilliant essay of 1937, which is here reprinted. He has left abstraction for the reality of the visible world—"it will be a good thing to get back to the tree in the field"—but he has wandered far and the journey is not easy; one can only wish him a safe and prosperous return.

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Pheidippides

The Cretan Runner. By GEORGE PSYCHOUNDAKIS. Translated, with an introduction, by PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR. *Murray.* 18s.

George Psychoundakis was the Pheidippides of the Cretan Resistance, the tireless messenger, but also "the most naturally wise and instinctively knowledgeable Cretan I ever met," as Xan Fielding describes him in *Hide and Seek*. He flits through that book as he flitted through the White Mountains, willing, brave, immensely Anglophil, quick to be hurt but easily amused, with a mane of silky hair and dark, appealing eyes. A Greek from the black-figure vases. He was born to be anonymous, a shepherd and today a charcoal burner, but the war rescued him from anonymity. He was not a typical Resistance hero, for he was no leader, and he survived by escape more than by daring. But chance made him the constant companion and go-between of two unusually talented Englishmen, Xan Fielding and Patrick Leigh Fermor, and together they have made him a symbol of Cretan loyalty and courage. Now George (the Christian name came naturally, for he was boyish, trusting and eager) has written his own story, and his friend, "the high spirited Mr. Michali," has translated it.

He writes of the Cretan underground—how inappropriate a word, for they lived on mountain-tops, and the sea, sky and snow formed their background—fluently but without sophistication. The story spurts out in episodic bursts, as one incident reminds him of another. His drama is one of scenes more than acts. There is no culmination, for there was none in fact: Crete never experienced the general rising for which all Cretans prepared during the four long years of occupation. But George was not much concerned with politics or strategy. His is a domestic, personal chronicle, not even written for publication. Names of fellow-villagers are thrown in without explanation. The English officers retain their war-time nicknames. There is much about basic needs and emotions—fear, shelter, hunger, boots, bullets, jealousy, weariness. The tone is gentle despite the subject. In dialogues, every speaker seems slightly more adult than George himself, who represents himself as a wondering and observant youth, asking questions and only anxious to be useful. In contrast, the straight narrative is dramatic. Those were the great days. Then he knew the fun of teasing and being teased, the drinking, singing, plotting, hoping, fighting.

George, of course, did not remain quite the simple peasant-poet which he was before the occupation. He was too naturally intelligent not to be influenced by the companionship of the British officers, sharing their dangers and conversation, their weapons, wireless sets and family jokes, and even visiting their drawing-rooms in Cairo and their shrines in Jerusalem. He himself had read, memorised and written Greek epics of tremendous length. But the bloom of his originality was not to be dusted off. Though he remains unaffected, he is neither dull nor naive. *The Cretan Runner* is marbled by changes of mood, changes of colour, which reflect an inquiring and unspoiled mind.

NIGEL NICOLSON

Recent additions to the revised Everyman's Library include the *Iliad*, in a translation by S. O. Andrew and Michael Oakley, introduced by John Warrington (No. 453), and Defoe's *Moll Flanders*, with an introduction by G. A. Aitken (No. 837). Both are published at 6s.

Art for Teddy-Boys

Journey into a Fog. By MARGARETA BERGER-HAMERSCHLAG. *Gollancz.* 18s.

Mrs. Berger-Hamerschlag is on several counts a lucky woman. She is a devout pupil of Professor Cicek, that inspired Austrian teacher of children; she is a considerable artist in her own right, as the perceptive illustrations to this book reveal, and she has the vitality to make the unlikely subject of teaching art to Teddy-boys and their girls a topic of universal interest. One has heard so often that Youth Clubs fail to attract high-spirited youngsters because they are too respectable and priggish, that the author's astonishing experiences, recorded in the form of a synthetic diary covering several years, will come as a revelation. The pupils proved to be an uninhibited crowd of young toughs, only interested in her class because they were obliged to take some cultural subject as a condition of joining in sporting activities. The boys' contribution to the work of the class consisted almost entirely of pornographic scribblings; the girls, who admittedly came only to meet the boys, did nothing at all. Fights, rows, and filthy language were continuous. The pupils came and went as they pleased, there might be forty or fifty people in the room one moment and the next only six or eight. "Fog" seems an inadequate description of the atmosphere in which she found herself; "smog" would be a more appropriate word.

Attempts to counter the pervading obscenity by introducing plaster casts of the nude shocked Mrs. Berger-Hamerschlag's colleagues to the marrow and had only a modified success with the pupils; their education should have been begun in the infant school. (I doubt, however, if she was wise in choosing Venus and a Satyr as exemplars of "true innocence" in art; in showing scepticism the pupils may for once have been more perceptive than their teacher.) Some half-dozen boys proved sufficiently intelligent and stable to respond to her imaginative teaching and warm friendliness. They produced good work and gave her heart to continue, though their drawings were liable to be torn out of their hands and destroyed at any moment. The great bulk of the youngsters continued to show a blank indifference to every attempt to interest them in art, literature, or even handicrafts; politics meant nothing to them; they seemed wholly without initiative or appetite or the power to stick to a job even when it was of their own choosing. That they had learnt art for many years at school yet had no notion how to handle materials or to differentiate colours, Mrs. Berger-Hamerschlag attributes to the current heresy of teaching art as a "mode of self-expression," a policy which in her opinion leads to "utter ruin."

Vaguely hostile to society, these boys had no idea what they were rebelling against or why. The girls, absorbed in dreams of Hollywood, were even more inert and joyless; any sort of skill, even in dancing, was too great an effort to be worth while. It is only fair to remember that they were a highly selected group, for the outrageous behaviour of the boys had driven every decent girl out of the Club. Towards the end of the book the fog, which had shown slight signs of lifting, thickened again. First, there was a quite terrifying raid on the Club by a gang of smashers, then a homosexual episode threatened to disrupt the precariously balanced community. It came to light that the boys had been petted one day, jilted the next, by one of the senior staff. "Now I could understand the fights, the flickering distrust in the boys' eyes, their swearing and crazy behaviour all these last weeks." The experience could only enhance the faithlessness in human relationships the author had noted as a symptom of the sickness of their minds; now the miserable little collaborators were ready to turn venomously on the man for whose favours they had been fighting.

It would be a mistake to exaggerate the significance of this arresting study. We ought

to know a great deal more about these young people than the author is able to tell us before coming to any conclusions. Are they typical representatives of their kind, or are they the failures of a social system which is working reasonably well? Do they grow into more or less normal adults or are they the larval form of habitual criminals and problem parents? How far are their homes and families to blame? Mrs. Berger-Hamerschlag suggests that what they lack is spiritual values and a sense of any purpose in life, which is true enough but does not take us much further. Whatever they are suffering from, it is not an excess of discipline or a too-rigid education; never was a generation left so free to make its own patterns of behaviour. For reasons still obscure, these boys and girls have rejected mental and manual skills as a means of gratification in favour of a complete preoccupation with sex and crude violence; any community, civilised or uncivilised, would find them a problem. The aim of "keeping them out of mischief" until they can come to some sort of terms with life is not as contemptible as Mrs. Berger-Hamerschlag seems to think. Anyone who has had to cope with a lad who has drifted into a habit of settling his disputes with a spring-knife, or a girl who has collected two kinds of venereal disease and a baby before she is seventeen, will understand the point. The clubs Mrs. Berger-Hamerschlag describes may need much reform in method but they are one of the best ways we know of preventing these children from hurting themselves irrevocably. Her journey may have engulfed her in a fog but it was really necessary; one is glad to learn from the preface that it has not yet ended.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

New Novels

Memoirs of Hadrian. By MARGUERITE YOURCENAR. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Black Sheep. By JACQUES PERRY. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Memoirs of Hadrian is, at least to those with any feeling for the classical past, a peculiarly enchanting book. It takes us into the very heart of the Roman Empire of the first century A.D., and communicates to us with a quite astonishing conviction the feel of place and period. Mlle Yourcenar has written the memoirs of the Emperor Hadrian in the first person, as he might be supposed to have written them for his adopted grandson, Marcus Aurelius; and so successful is her imaginative reconstruction that we seem to be walking in the authentic world over which this remarkable, many-sided, active and inquiring man came to rule.

Hadrian's temperament was singularly varied. It was both active and speculative; it combined the detachment of the contemplative with the industry of the organiser, the self-discipline of the soldier with the passion of the artist. Hunting and literature were his two early loves. He responded with an equal zest to the ritualistic life of regiment on service and to the intellectual excitement of discussions with artists and philosophers. His pleasure in physical hardships and feats of endurance became something of a mystique (it lasted all his life), but it was balanced by an equal delight in the life of the senses. The two were often interfused. Long and arduous expeditions on horseback were enjoyable not only for themselves and for the exaltation which followed the hardship, but also for the incidental communion with nature that came with them:

> There were days when the snows effaced the few differences in level on the steppes; we galloped in a world of pure space and pure atoms. The frozen coating gave transparency to the most ordinary things, and the softest objects took on a celestial rigidity. Each broken reed was a flute of crystal. At night the camp fires lit up the extraordinary leaping of the slender-waisted dancers, and their extravagant bracelets of gold.

Even at the height of his career, he would often stop in the middle of an official tour, to climb with his close companions to the top of a mountain for the subsequent pleasure of watching the dawn rise.

The vast ranging Empire over which he was to exercise supreme power, with a rare clemency and conscientiousness, was centred in a disproportionately small, somewhat provincial homeland. And while the bonds which bound him to Rome were genuine, if sentimental, the itch to be out on the edges and frontiers of his dominions was perpetual. He was irresistibly drawn to the strange and weird half-world of religion and superstition whose exotic rites were celebrated on the boundaries where the East met the West. So ranging over the vast distances of Europe and the Middle East, loving Greece most of all, returning to Rome always with pleasure, and setting out on his travels again always with relief, he is perpetually on the move, physically as well as mentally. And through his eyes we take in the whole sweep and stretch of a world extravagantly diverse. We join in its speculations, argue with its philosophers, plan with its architects, bivouac besides its soldiers. We seem to smell its smells, accept its cruelties, participate in its indulgencies, enjoy its pleasures.

Mlle Yourcenar has been strikingly successful in finding a style in which vivid sensuous description and philosophic reflection can both be accommodated; and the translation by Grace Frick is no less of a feat. How close to the original it is, I cannot say; but as a work in its own right it succeeds, by its rhythms and its grace, in evoking the period it describes. The Emperor Hadrian was a rare human being, uniquely placed; that rulers endowed with such autocratic powers as the Roman Emperors should have run to excess is hardly surprising. Hadrian was comparatively temperate, and his excesses were comparatively harmless. He was addicted to the Dictator's occupational vice, a passion for architecture in practice; and he indulged his grief for his beloved favourite, Antinous, on a truly monumental scale. This fabulous caprice of his, which was to found a city and people a continent with statuary, Mlle Yourcenar handles with a fine understanding and sympathy.

The *Black Sheep*, also from the French, comes to us with a powerful recommendation from M. Mauriac, who confesses himself to have been captivated by it. One sees why, though, unless the translation is amiss, he seems to me to have been captivated for strictly irrelevant reasons. The novel begins with the discovery by a father that his handsome twelve-year-old son is a little criminal *in posse*. His eyes are opened after his disregarded wife has died on him, leaving him in sole charge. She had, before her death, frequently told him that the boy was bad, bad all through, but he, isolated in his own indifference, had not taken her seriously, had dismissed it as one of her "things." He earns his living as a highly respectable, conventional artist, an illustrator of books, and is a man shut up in his own little world of egoism.

Left to cope with the boy alone, he suddenly finds himself breaking out from his emotional sterility. The child's overwhelming response to a caressive gesture bowls him over by its unexpectedness. He can hardly sleep that night:

> By daybreak I knew that I was to share the common fate, that I was taking my place in the cohort of fathers who really are fathers. I was ceasing to live for myself alone, and I was making the change quite unreservedly. I found that I was incapable of half measures.

The story is told by the father in the first person, and as that quotation may show, the father is a rather pompous humourless character—the very last person to be left alone with a child dangerously deprived. When he learns from the school of the boy's petty crimes and delinquencies, he takes a lonely remote hunting lodge in Provence—the atmosphere of this is vividly and beautifully described—and, shut up there with the boy, tries to re-educate him spiritually and intellectually. The novel is the story of his failure after a first idyllic year in which, if he learns little about his son, he learns much about himself.

To M. Mauriac, writing of the book in *Figaro*, this criminality in the boy poses "a problem from which the mind shies . . . the horror of a creation wherein a child is born a criminal." But to me this is a story not of a black sheep child, but a black sheep father, whose early neglect becomes transformed into a "love" no less ineffective and destructive. We are all nowadays caught in a half-way position; we think we know something about the causes of delinquency, but to understand causes, however complicated, is not in itself enough. It doesn't necessarily cure; it only inhibits us from applying the sometimes effective old-fashioned methods. Also, at the root of this father's failure is the contemporary decay of belief The tepid ideals and wan virtues which he tries to set before his son are only too clearly insufficient to inspire the wild underground movement of adolescence. The attraction of the teeming quays of Marseilles and the excitement they seem to offer need a more strenuous counter-pull.

But whichever way you look at it, this story of the struggle between one kind of good and one kind of evil is absorbingly presented.

RICHARD LISTER

Gramophone Notes

THE complete recording of Britten's latest (and in my view best) opera, *The Turn of the Screw*, has been most successfully managed (**D.). The ghosts are given a very slight echo—enough to create a special atmosphere, but not enough to confuse the harmony. The singing of the little boy, David Hemmings, of course comes through much more strongly on disc than in a theatre; the balance is excellent and the recording wonderfully clear. The latest issue of Bizet's charming, if at

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times absurdly naïve, *Les Pêcheurs de Perles* (*C.), is a good deal superior to the Nixa version, good as that is in some respects. As the heroine, Martha Angelici is technically superior to Mattiwilda Dobbs, though the quality of her voice is on the thin side. The men are well cast (the tenor begins uncertainly, but quickly improves), with Michel Dens an outstanding Zurga; and the orchestral playing, under André Cluytens, is very effective.

To hear Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius* again after a longish interval is to realise what an inspired work it is—how inevitably the Wagnerian motives are interwoven, with no sense of forcing or artificiality, so that the whole elaborate composition sounds as if it had crystallised in Elgar's imagination in a single flash. The first LP version (Lewis/Thomas/Cameron/Huddersfield Choir/Liverpool Phil/Sargent. *C.) has many moments of great beauty, but as a whole can be accounted only a partial success. In Part I the orchestral sound never really comes forward; in Part II this defect is remedied, but there is a long and very bad patch of over-loading at the end of "Praise to the Holiest"; and Marjorie Thomas, though she sings with taste and intelligence, never invests the utterances of the Angel with any compelling quality. On the other hand, Richard Lewis is a most sensitive Gerontius: he makes us feel the sickness and longing of the dying man, and his "Take me away" is a thrilling moment. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducts with care and love, and the choir is always admirable.

A Ravel disc containing **Shéhérazade*, ***Trois Poèmes de Mallarmé*, and **Deux Mélodies Hébraïques*, sung by Suzanne Danco with Suisse Romande Orch/Ansermet (D.), is strongly recommended for the Mallarmé songs alone, for these strangely beautiful and hitherto unrecorded examples of Ravel's "romantic" period (1913) find the singer in capital form: Mme Danco's scrupulous care for the words, and her lovely soft high notes, have seldom been heard to greater advantage. Her *Mélodies Hébraïques*, however, are not oriental enough, and in *Shéhérazade*, though she sings beautifully, she fails to convey the mysterious avidity that distinguishes Jennie Tourel's performance (**C.). Another version of the Mallarmé songs, by Irma Kolassi (D.), has not yet reached me. Being MP, it is cheaper and offers a different coupling—the Ravel Septet.

Two additions to the discography of Heinrich Schütz claim attention: the *Four Symphonie Sacrae, coupled with ***Vier kleine geistliche Konzerte*, sung by Hugues Cuénod with Vienna Sym. Orch/Pinkham (N.), and the more important *Seven Words from the Cross*, coupled with Five Choral Pieces (Vienna Akademie Chor/Grossmann. V.). The first record is sung with great distinction and is well recorded, except for some edginess on side I. In the Vox disc the soloists are not more than adequate and the recording is rather fuzzy; but the issue is worth having for the sake of the music, for Schütz is a composer whose rediscovery has proved an important event in the musical world. To some extent, I suppose, one could speak of the "rediscovery" of Berlioz in the past thirty years: even now few know the whole of his *Romeo and Juliet* Symphony, and the complete recording (Soloists/Chorus/Boston Sym. Orch/Munch. *H.M.V.) will be generally welcomed. It has faults: the contralto solo is monotonous and insecure, the chorus fail to create an atmosphere, and there is some deterioration at the end of the very long sides. But the Friar Lawrence, a gentleman named Yi-Kwei-Sze, is very impressive, and the impassioned orchestral playing holds our attention even during the long patches of dullness and vulgarity which disfigure the work. In the latest version of Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique* (C.) the conductor, Karajan, continually interposes his own personality between us and the music, creating thereby an impression of fussiness and over-attention to detail that are destructive to a clear view of the work.

Yet another version of Mahler's First Symphony, by the Israel Phil/Kletzki, turns out to be the best of all (**C.). This is the kind of performance, and of recording, that makes me wish I disposed of three stars. The playing is startlingly vivid and Kletzki's observance of Mahler's markings is scrupulous. Finer music, the same composer's Ninth Symphony, rejoins the First through references to the world, if not actually the themes, of the *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*. The first movement is perhaps Mahler's most successful piece of symphonic writing; Kletzki manages the tight-rope orchestration with ease and skill, but it is in the long—indeed, over long—final Adagio that he draws from the Israel Philharmonic a hushed yet firm string tone that makes one hold one's breath. The recording (*C.), though not quite as realistic or comfortable as that of No. 1, is very good; but the large cut in the second movement is inexcusable. The same orchestra and conductor have also produced what seems to me on balance the best version of Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony and "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage" Overture (**C.) The tempi are eminently sensible, and the wonderfully drilled playing creates a feeling of intense exhilaration. To return now to Mahler, his No. 8 is a questionable work, because the pairing of the Latin hymn, "Veni creator spiritus," with the final scene from the second part of Goethe's *Faust*, does not seem a sensible idea, even in theory, though German critics have been found to defend it. The enormous forces employed, the vociferousness of the first movement, the sheer length of the second, may be felt to add up to too much; but, as usual with Mahler, there is a great deal to enjoy on the way, especially in the *Faust* section. The Dutch performance offers splendid choral singing and well rehearsed orchestral support; the soloists are no more than adequate. Considering the kind of music this is, the recording is remarkably successful (*Ph.); but readers who do not know the work are advised to sample side 2 first (the opening of the *Faust* movement), which shows the music, the performance and the recording at their best, Rachmaninoff's Second Symphony in which the romantic nostalgia is less sultry than it is in Mahler, is an unjustly neglected work. Though conceived on a large scale, it is firmly enough composed not to seem too long. The material is more thoughtful than that of the piano concertos, and its emotional quality less cloying. The first LP version to reach us (Pittsburg Sym. Orch/Steinberg. **Cap.) is conducted with complete understanding and is splendidly recorded.

The coupling of Alban Berg's Violin Concerto and Chamber Concerto for Piano and Violin is in every way a most valuable addition to the discography of modern music (**V.). The first of these works is an acknowledged masterpiece and its performance, by Ivry Gitlis and the Vienna Pro Musica Symphony, is superior to the H.M.V. version by virtue of a better balanced account of the complex orchestral score. The Chamber Concerto (1925), though undoubtedly a lesser work, is still a most interesting and original composition. In the first movement the piano has the field to itself, in the second the violin, after which an extensive cadenza brings the two together for the Finale. The complicated atonal polyphony of the work may be found perplexing at first, but the sound (as usual with Berg) is always beautiful, and after a few hearings the imaginative quality of the music begins to take a firm hold on the listener. In this concerto the soloists are Ivry Gitlis and Charlotte Zelka; the performance is most persuasive and the recording very clear. Persuasive is also the word I should use to describe Stefan Askenase's account of Chopin's Second Piano Concerto (**DG.); and the force of the persuasion lies in the pianist's sensitive concentration on the shaping of each phrase, his avoidance of shallow virtuosity, and the affectionate care with which the conductor (Fritz Lehmann) handles the score, bringing to light the fineness of the detail instead of emphasizing the conventionality of the tuttis. This is an entrancingly beautiful record; but those who want both Chopin's concertos on one disc may be quite satisfied with the Badura-Skoda versions (*N.), where the solo is played in good style, without exaggerations or eccentricity, though the orchestral part is rather perfunctory and the opening ritornello in both works is telescoped. To readers who have not allowed themselves to become tired of Tchaikowsky's First Piano Concerto I would suggest that the latest version, by Shura Cherkassky and the Berlin Philharmonic under Leopold Ludwig (**DG.), offers a more individual performance than Anda's or Solomon's. The variety of Cherkassky's touch is especially noticeable in the Andante—warmly singing in the cantabile sections, incredibly light and deft in the whirlwind waltz that interrupts the meditation.

I have been greatly impressed by the individually fine, firm tone and admirable ensemble of the Curtis String Quartet, who have made their bow here with several recent discs, one comprising Brahms's Quartets No. 2 in A minor and No. 3 in B flat major (*N.), another Dohnanyi's well-known String Quartet in D flat major and the much less famous but later and more thoughtful Piano Quintet in E flat minor (**N.). The Curtis's handling of romantic material within a strictly classical framework makes their Brahms a most satisfying experience, though the length of both sides of the disc involves some congestion of tone. In the Dohnanyi pieces this fault is not present. Tovey calls the Piano Quintet a mature masterpiece and "certainly the most immediately impressive of Dohnanyi's works, even if we include the orchestral music." After only two hearings, I am inclined to agree with this view, for the acceptance of second-rate ideas which mars some of the orchestral music is conspicuously absent from the Quintet, the elaborate construction of which imposes no strain on the material. Also highly recommended: Bach: Italian Concerto and Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue (George Malcolm (harpsichord). **D.).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

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EVANS

Week-end Competition

No. 1,322

Set by Thomas Tusher

Competitors are invited to translate the following passage from Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice* into Hemingway. Limit 150 words. Entries by July 5.

What he sought was a fresh scene, without associations, which should yet not be too out of the way; and accordingly he chose as island in the Adriatic, not far off the Istrian coast. . . . But there was rain and heavy air; the society at the hotel was provincial Austrian and limited; besides, it annoyed him not to be able to get at the sea—he missed the close and soothing contact which only a gentle sandy slope affords. He could not feel this was the place he sought; an inner impulse made him wretched, urging him on he knew not whither; he racked his brains, he looked up boats, then all at once his goal stood plain before his eyes. But, of course! When one wanted to arrive overnight at the incomparable, the fabulous, the like-nothing-else-in-the-world, where was it one went? Why, obviously; he had intended to go there, what ever was he doing here? A blunder. He made all haste to correct it, announcing his departure at once. Ten days after his arrival on the island a swift motor boat bore him and his luggage in the misty dawning back across the water to the naval station, where he landed only to pass over the landing stage and on to the wet decks of a ship lying there with steam up for the passage to Venice.

Result of No. 1,319

Set by Hilbrian

Competitors are invited to submit a poem on any county in Great Britain (limit 14 lines). The name of the county chosen, which can be its shortened version, must occur in the rhyming scheme: *e.g.*, Hants—pants; Herts—starts.

Report

The fires of local patriotism still glow in British breasts. Of the entries pouring in from Kent to Clare, from Clackmannan to Carmarthen, most were in praise. Critics were scarce, though Pippa wrote of Staffs.—

Its people's chiefest attitude, I find,
May seem a certain dreariness of mind—

and Candida Rectaque found even worse epithets for the capital of Worcs. than

A dirty town of dirty people—

but such discords were drowned in hymns of praise.

Rhyming was ingenious—and sometimes desperate. I noticed Lancashire-bank cashier (Pibwob); Warwicks-Yorick's (John A. Yates); Wilts-kilts (Robert F. Moody); Dorset-faucet (Tom Putt); Montgomery-summery (L. G. Udall); and Northumberland-slumberland (Christine Greenfield). W.P.B.'s quatrain had wit's brevity—

Eschew the chap who carelessly asserts
The county of his domicile of choice is Herts.
The cognoscenti of these parts
Say " Herts ":

and Alice James made amusing play with the pronunciation of Worcs.

After whittling down with difficulty a long short list, I suggest that the prize money be equally divided among the six authors whose entries are printed below. Runners-up (close on their heels) are Angela Taylor (Hereford), L. E. Honnor (Kent), A.M.P. (Cambs.), Jane Fay (Surrey), and the Rev. J. P. Stevenson (Dorset).

OXFORDSHIRE

(*To the tune of* " *Oranges and Lemons* ")

Oxoniensis, and be hanged to expenses,
I long to be coxswain in a blue boat of Oxon!
(Bow very stiffly all the way up to Iffley,
Then no-one will know that you really don't row.)
No farm in its senses has a field without fences
Where Woods may put stocks on and the rivers keep locks on,
Winding and slow, now the willows dip low.
County with clocks on, keep changing your tenses!
Lost in your causes, be Now-ly as Then-ly,
Ride-your-cock-horses from Cowley to Henley!
Ivory towers in the sweetest of shires,
Spin out the hours of a dream that inspires!
Here comes a Proctor to prog you to bed, here comes a motor all bussy and red,
Chipping Norton, Chipping Norton, last . . . man's . . . ahead!

HAZEL ARCHARD

MONMOUTH

I feel perverse like Bevan—
All loyalty gone—
So I'll not sing of Devon
But MON.

They say it is in England,
This land of Usk and Wye,
Where every Welshman knows the end
Is Nye.

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Company Meeting

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES

RECORD GROUP SALES

The 28th annual general meeting of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., was held on June 16 in London.

Dr. Alexander Fleck, the chairman, in the course of his speech said: The consolidated sales of the Group, after deducting the value of the sales made by our new subsidiaries, have increased from £282 millions to £327 millions—an increase of £45 millions or 16 per cent. over the figure for 1953, itself at that time the highest in our history. The Company's home sales and direct exports each increased by approximately the same percentage.

I should like most specially to draw your attention to the table of price indices in which the changes in home trade prices of the Company's products are compared with other significant indices. I am sure you will agree that the comparison shows the Company's prices in a very favourable light. Since 1938 the cost of our raw materials has risen by 272 per cent and the earnings of our workers have risen by 202 per cent. For the same period the Board of Trade wholesale price index increased by 225 per cent. In comparison with these increases (each of which exceeds 200 per cent.) the prices at which I.C.I. sells its products in the home market have risen by only 91 per cent. This, I think you will also agree, shows the remarkable success which has attended the Company's policy of keeping its selling prices as low and as stable as possible. Low and stable prices encourage our customers to use more of our products, and as our products are used by many British industries, we believe that our price policy aids and supports the economy of the country as a whole.

Between 1953 and 1954 the Company's price index for home sales has moved up by one point only, and the increase in the value of our home sales during this period is therefore almost entirely due to increase in volume. The consequential increase in profit for 1954 is also attributable to increase in volume coupled with improvements in efficiency due to Work Study and other factors.

The Company will continue this price policy and will aim not only at absorbing increased costs but, wherever practicable, at seeing that reductions in costs resulting from improved methods and greater efficiency are reflected in lower prices to its customers.

EXPORTS AND OVERSEAS INTERESTS

At £67¼ millions the Company's exports were a record and showed an increase of 16 per cent. over the previous year. This increase in the value of exports represents a still greater rise in the volume of exports.

I regard this high export figure as a particularly significant feature of the year's trading, because it has been achieved in the face of keen competition from other major chemical producing countries and in spite of the strong demand for our products from the home market.

A number of our overseas companies are now substantial manufacturing entities, and when I tell you that the total turnover of the Company's overseas business (both local manufacture and imports from the United Kingdom) through subsidiary and associated companies is now approaching in value I.C.I.'s sales in the United Kingdom, I am sure you will appreciate how important our overseas interests are.

It is worthy of note that the net I.C.I. Ordinary dividend, requiring just under £8 millions, represents rather less than 37 per cent. of the net income of the year, £21¼ millions. Furthermore, this Ordinary dividend, requiring £14 millions before deduction of income tax, represents a return of 4.8 per cent gross on an employed capital of £295 millions, which according to the Company's balance sheet is the employed capital belonging to the Ordinary stockholders.

As regards current trading, I am pleased to tell you that in 1955 we have so far experienced a period of great activity. The general level of both home and export sales is well above that of the corresponding period of last year. In fact, I do not think I can do better than repeat the words that I used to the stockholders last year and say that " So far this year the Company has enjoyed, in common with other industries in this country, a period of expansion, and the prospects are in general good."

This, of course, assumes that the very serious strikes which so gravely affect our national economy are not allowed to recur and that our united efforts can be successfully directed to minimising, if not eradicating, the deplorable setback which the country as a whole has suffered.

The report and accounts were adopted.

Where boundary is defied by race
Atlases fail:
What Englishmen dare show his face
In Ebbw Vale?

DENIS D. CONSTABLE

HUNTINGDONSHIRE

If anyone asked me what there is about Hunts.,
I should have to proclaim myself a dunts.
The name itself is practically useless for rhyming; I don't dispute
That there are punts, stunts, shunts or even Lunts, but how to drag them in is a point which is moot.
It isn't a garden of England like Kent, nor does it foucester
Young ladies of the type found in Gloucester;
Nobody writes songs about Hunts-by-the-Sea, I fear,
Nor about Hunts, Glorious Hunts, or that they come up from Huntingdonshire.
Yorkshire, now, has a pudding, and bred the sisters Brönte,
And is the largest English cönte;
That's what I call hot stuff,
Unlike that Oliver Cromwell and quads-at-St. Neot's stuff.
What Hunts needs, beyond all doubt, is some chap
To put it on the map.

KATY

THE COUNTY OF DURHAM

St. Cuthbert would no longer roam,
He chose to rest on steep DUNHOLM.
The Normans, to increase his fame,
Built his cathedral in DURESME.
"The rights the king hath in his realm,—
These hath the bishop in DUNELM."
Then many a scoundrel learnt the trick
Of slipping into BISHOPRICK,
(For there the king's writ was unknown),—
And BISHOPRICK 'twas called alone
Till modern times, now COUNTY DURHAM
To you, but I, who have the burr, am
Content to use the local form
And call my birthplace DORTY DORM.

M. H. DODDS

SHROPSHIRE

By Wenlock Edge the folk are quiet;
We don't like riot
and don't like noise.
Our Shropshire Lads don't gadabout
nor scream and shout
Like other boys.
The quietest places under the sun
Are Stokesay, Clun,
And Brown Clee Hill;
In other shires you race and gallop,
But here in Salop
Life stands still.

HILARY

BEDFORDSHIRE

I, Jim Parrott, live in Beds.
That said, I say it is not so.
Beds are made for lazy heads.
Mine is lazy: that I know.

I contradict myself again.
I must be drifting into sleep
In Beds I stand. I feel the strain.
Up endless twisting stairs I creep.

My logic's clearer than a dream.
My symbols' subjects interchange.
My pillow is John Bunyan's stream.
Brown blanket fields about me range.

I live in Beds beyond a doubt
It's simple when you work it out.

JIM PARROTT

The Chess Board

No. 299 Arrested Development

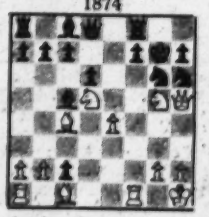
The psychologists tell us that a child can make up for it. A chessplayer never can; or at least he shouldn't if his backward development is exploited as energetically as Denker did it in a Detroit simultaneous performance.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(10) Kt-B3	B-K2
(2) P-Q4	P x P	(11) Kt-Q5	O-O
(3) P-QB3	P x P	(12) Kt-B6 ch	K-R1
(4) B-QB4	P x P	(13) Kt-R3	B x Kt
(5) B x KtP	B-Kt5 ch	(14) P x B	P-KKt3
(6) K-B1	Kt-KB3	(15) Q-B4	Kt-B4
(7) P-K5	Kt-Kt1	(16) Kt-Kt5	Kt-Q3
(8) Q-Kt4	B-B1	(17) Kt x P ch	Kt x Kt
(9) Q-B3	Kt-KR3	(18) Q-R6!	resigns

What did Denker's retrogressive sucker forget? Elementary, my dear Assiac, he forgot a timely P-Q4. The proper answer to be expected from my readers, particularly from those who were good enough to send me some concocted games to prove the very point that this omission is usually fatal in most gambits. Since none of the concoctions so far received is quite witty or original enough to be rushed into print, my offer of a guinea still stands. So will concoctors please let the sparks fly! They might use the King's Gambit, the Danish Gambit or indeed any one in which Black would do well to appease the wrath of Caissa by a timely counter-sacrifice of the QP. It is far too often neglected, and even great masters have been known at times to be stingy about their QP. How bitterly Tchigorin must have reproached himself for omitting the double-step of the QP on his 6th move when defending a Muzio against Maroczy. These were the days when grandmasters were still innocent enough to play the Muzio. It happened at Vienna in 1903.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(13) KR-K1 ch	B-K2
(2) P-KB4	P x P	(14) B x P	K-B1
(3) Kt-KB3	P-KKt4	(15) R x B!	Kt x R
(4) B-B4	P-Kt5	(16) R-K1	Q-R4
(5) Kt-B3	P x Kt	(17) B x Kt ch	K-Kt2
(6) Q x P	P-Q3?	(18) Q-K2	Kt-B1
(7) P-Q4	B-K3	(19) B-B6 ch! !	K-Kt1
(8) Kt-Q5!	P-QB3	(20) Q-K5	P-KR3
(9) O-O	P x Kt	(21) B x R	P-B3
(10) P x P	B-B4	(22) Q-K7	K x B
(11) B x P	B-Kt3	(23) Q x P ch	K-Kt1
(12) B-Kt5 ch	Kt-Q2	(24) R-K7	resigns.

A: J. H. Blackburne
1874



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White forced a pretty mate in 6. How? **B**—White to win—may be too difficult for 6 points if I didn't add the helpful hint that there is a very pretty "echo" and that in each case White's problem is how to "unpin" the harbinger of death. I owe this brilliant study to the courtesy of that loyal old friend of the column, Dr. Gyorgy Paros of Budapest. **C**—White to draw—is also quite a beauty and well worth its 7 ladder-points.

B: P. P. Babich 1952

C: S. Birnov 1951

Usual prizes. Entries by July 4.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 296. Set June 4

A: (3) . . . R-R6 ch, (4) K-R4, R-R4 ch, (5) Kt x R, P-Kt3 mate.

B: (1) K-Kt3! R x P ch, (2) K-Kt2, R(6)-Kt 8, (3) B-R5 ch!, K-R3 (B3), (4) B-Kt6!, K x B, (5) R-Kt 2 ch, R x R, (6) K x R etc.

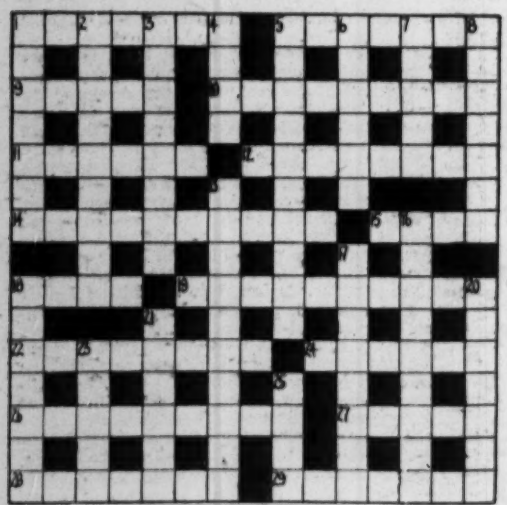
C: Key: P x P If (1) . . . B x P ch, (2) Q-Kt 4 etc. If (1) . . . R x P, (2) R-B7 etc. If (1) . . . B-B1, (2) P x B (Kt) etc. If (1) . . . B-K1, (2) Q x B etc.

Many stumped by B and even more by Harley's 3-mover which seems to have pleased his numerous admirers. Prizes shared by D. E. Cohen, J. D. Griffiths, M. Kaye, C. Sandberg, D. H. R. Stallybrass.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 158

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 157, N.S.& N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on July 5.



ACROSS

1. Bennett wrote about one of the Five Towns (7).
5. Agreement in the bag? (7).
9. If it were so cold in China, fur would be the answer (5).
10. Is a crate broken up at the end of this flight? (9).
11. Here is the dagger; one meets one's end, yet lives (6).
12. Speedy removers of hair? (8).
14. When several are removed from this collection, I dispose of about a hundred (10).
15. Love prohibition in Scotland (4).
18. It sounds like power for the tiny one (4).
19. Divine communication is possibly near to evil (10).
22. Harmony of father and child after help has been returned (8).
24. The refrain for an actor (6).
26. This girl has to do housework a great deal before half-term (9).
27. Make up for deficiencies at lunch-time (5).
28. The husband about to imprison a doctor who was long in the Bastille (7).
29. Saint for whom death comes in the tub's contents (7).

DOWN

1. The first Scot? He certainly knew how to prepare the way (7).
2. Here is what I dress with and I settle to changing (9).
3. Don's imaginary mistress (8).
4. At the end of the eruption one can see the remains of what has been burnt (4).
5. Bennett character made of earth and wood (10).
6. A Roman Catholic lives in the market (6).
7. A piece of fine craftsmanship for the discriminating (5).
8. "The last temptation is the greatest ——" (Eliot) (7).
13. A policeman appears when a varsity man is on the booze (10).
16. Thus one would stray like lost sheep, no doubt (9).
17. Make a synopsis of a system of prohibitions on the dead (8).
18. I owe you 2,600, but this may be converted into a small amount (7).
20. Girl eager for material (7).
21. The friend hired out a small bed (6).
23. An extra seat once more (5).
25. Plant in another bed (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 156

R	E	F	U	S	E	S		O	R	L
U		O		H		E		D	A	R
M	A	R	T	I	A	N		D	O	W
A		M		N		T		S		L
N	E	O	T	E	R	I	C		T	O
I		S		R		M		C		R
A	D	A	M		S	E	C	O	N	D
			U		N		N		S	
A	L	P	E	N	S	T	O	C	K	
R		E		C		S		E		A
T	I	N	P	O	T		T	R	O	L
I		N		U		F		T		U
S	K	I	P	P	E	R		I	M	M
T		N		L		E		N		E
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PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 156

H. F. Lucas (Chichester), Lorna Curtin (Colombo), Rev. C. H. Owen (Walton-on-the-Naze).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

RHODES-Livingstone Institute. The Board of Trustees of the Rhodes-Livingstone Institute invites applications for the following post: Director of the Rhodes-Livingstone Institute, Northern Rhodesia. Salary: £1,600 to £1,800 per annum according to experience and qualifications. The Institute was founded for the purpose of academic research and is at present carrying out a programme of tribal studies, social surveys, studies of family economics and social organization throughout the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. The duties of the Director are primarily the administration and direction, under the authority of the Board of Trustees, of the work of the Institute, and the technical and administrative experience and academic training in and experience of Anthropology. Duration of Contract: 3 years in the first instance with possibility of renewal for further period. The Director will receive for himself, and his wife if he be married, a B3 or C1 class free boat passage and first-class rail fare from Capetown to Lusaka in Northern Rhodesia, and similar entitlements on the successful completion of his contract. The Board will provide the Director with partially furnished quarters at a rental of £108 per annum. The position is not at present pensionable but consideration is being given to the institution of a superannuation scheme for the Institute. In the meantime the Board will contribute an insurance allowance of one hundred pounds a year (which can be drawn in cash if so desired). The Director will be eligible for leave at the rate of five days on full pay for each completed calendar month of employment. Leave may be accumulated until the end of the contract or taken after short tours of service of from 15 to 18 months in which case the Director would be expected to travel by air. He will also be entitled to local leave of fourteen days a year. Applicants should state age, marital status, administrative and academic qualifications and experience in research, and should submit a medical certificate stating physical fitness for work in the tropics. Applications should be forwarded not later than July 31, 1955, in three copies to: (1) The Secretary, Colonial Social Science Research Council, Colonial Office (Research Department), Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1 (2 copies). (2) The Administrative Secretary, Rhodes-Livingstone Institute, P.O. Box 900, Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia (1 copy).

VICTORIA University College, University of New Zealand. The Victoria University College Council proposes shortly to appoint a Professor of Modern Languages. The salary will be at the rate of £1,611 7s. p.a. rising by annual increments of £100 to £1,811 7s. p.a. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. (University salaries are at the present moment the subject of discussion between the Grants Committee and the Government.) An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. The successful applicant would be expected to take up his duties on February 1, 1956, or such earlier or later date as may be agreed upon by the Council. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applics., in New Zealand and London, is August 1, 1955.

AUCKLAND University College (University of New Zealand). Applications are invited for a Lectureship in English. The salary scale (which is under review) for the position is from £800 to £950 per annum plus a recent general increase of £111 7s. per annum. Three annual increments of £50 are payable under this scale. The successful applicant will be expected to take up his duties on February 1, 1956, or as soon thereafter as possible. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is July 31, 1955.

B.B.C. requires Assistant (Welfare) (men only) at Engineering Training School, Evesham. Preferably age 30-40. Duties: supervision of hostel housing up to 200 students, organisation of their spare-time activities and their welfare generally. Organising ability, good personality, and comparable experience in large organisation or Armed Services essential. Wide range of personal interests and considerable playing experience of number of sports and games important. The assistant must live in flat on Estate (small rent payable), suitable for married couple with one child. Salary £725 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £960 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 978/N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Sheffield. Department of Extra-mural Studies. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor, to be principally concerned with the teaching of Industrial Relations-Economics to trade union students. Applicants should have a good Honours degree in an appropriate subject: experience in adult education will be a desirable further qualification. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience on a scale beginning at £650, with F.S.S.U. provision and family allowance. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar to whom applications (6 copies) should be sent by July 16, 1955.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Clinical Psychology in the Department of Psychiatry. Candidates should have an Honours degree in Psychology, with additional training or experience in Clinical Psychology. Salary on a scale £550—£650 with membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent, not later than July 25, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

EGYPT—Suez Canal Zone. Applications are invited for the position of Education Officer in charge of the educational services, which will include Primary and Secondary Schools and other services, to be administered in the Suez Canal Zone by Suez Contractors Management Co., Ltd. The candidate selected will be appointed under an initial contract for two years with possibility of further extension. Two months' leave pay granted at end of each two-year period of engagement. Salary according to qualification (about £2,250 per annum) not liable to United Kingdom Income Tax (Schedule E). Free passages and furnished accommodation will be provided for the successful candidate and his family. If possible, arrangements will be made for the recognition of this service for superannuation purposes. Further particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Suez Contractors Management Co., Ltd., 29/30 St. James' Street, London, S.W.1.

EGYPT—Suez Canal Zone. Applications are invited from qualified teachers for Primary Schools to be administered in the Suez Canal Zone by Suez Contractors Management Co., Ltd. Candidates selected will be appointed under initial contracts for two years with possibility of further extension. Two months' leave pay granted at end of each two-year period of engagement. Salaries (not liable to United Kingdom Income Tax (Schedule E)) will be fixed on Burnham scale plus London allowance and overseas allowance. Passages and furnished accommodation for selected applicants and their families will be provided free. Arrangements may be made for recognition of this service for superannuation purposes. Further particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Suez Contractors Management Co., Ltd., 29/30 St. James' Street, London, S.W.1.

PRIVATE Secretary required for Vice-Chancellor of The Australian National University, Canberra. Must be competent stenographer and university graduate, preferably in economics and with some statistical training. Salary £A902-978, with superannuation on public service scheme, and grant for outward passage. Three weeks' leave in addition to the thirteen public holidays in year; Saturdays normally free. Letters of application should be sent in duplicate, with copy testimonials, giving details of age (25-35 preferred), education and experience, and the names of two persons to whom confidential reference may be made, to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, as soon as possible.

LONDON County Council. New County Secondary School for Boys at Upper Tulse Hill, S.W.2. Headmaster required for this new comprehensive school for about 2,000 boys to be opened in September, 1956. Appointment will probably take effect from January, 1956, for purpose of preliminary planning. The school will probably be in Burnham Group XIX (head's allowance £800). The school will provide for a wide variety of studies, both academic and practical, including some leading to the General Certificate of Education at both ordinary and advanced levels. There is ample provision for studies in building, engineering and commerce. There will be a deputy headmaster with a substantial special allowance and provision for other posts of special responsibility. The headmaster will have the assistance of a full-time senior administrative officer with secretarial staff. A person of high academic qualifications, organising ability, wide experience and a strong interest in the whole field of secondary education is looked for. Apply on Form EO/TS10/U.T.H. obtainable from the Education Officer, (EO/TS10), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. (Form TS 10B for those candidates who have recently applied for similar posts and have nothing to add.) Closing date for the receipt of applications June 29, 1955. (929)

LONDON County Council. Poplar Technical College, Secondary Technical School, as soon as possible, qualified teacher of physical education (portable apparatus). Ability to offer other subjects for 4-6 hours per week an advantage. Burnham (P. & S.) salary scale plus London allowance. Application forms from Secretary at College, Poplar High Street, E.14, returnable by July 8. (905)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Gorseway School, Hayling Island, Hants. Applications are invited for a new appointment as Resident Domestic Bursar at this boarding school for 36 educationally sub-normal children aged 2-7 years. Duties, to commence in January, 1956, will include responsibility to the headmistress for the catering and domestic administration and for the well-being of the children. Training and experience in institutional management are desirable. Salary £471 15s.×£19 2s. 6d.—£510×£25 10s.—£535 10s. plus special allowance of £25 10s. a year. An appointment above the minimum of this scale may be made for a candidate with relevant experience. Board, lodging and laundry provided for approx. £94 a year at present rates. Application forms, returnable by July 15, 1955, and further details from Education Officer (Estab.6/849) (B), County Hall, London, S.E.1.

STATISTICIANS in the Home Civil Service. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for posts of Assistant Statistician in Government Departments. Selection will be by interview in London early in August. Age at least 20½ and under 24 on August 1, 1955, with extension for service in H.M. Forces and approved post-graduate statistical experience. Candidates may be mathematical or economic statisticians; they must have a First- or Second-Class Honours Degree (II (i) where the Second Class is divided) with statistics as the principal subject or a substantial part of the final examination, or a post-graduate University Diploma or higher Degree in Statistics. Those so qualifying this summer will be eligible. Starting pay in London, including Extra Duty Allowance (where payable), between £531 and £696 (£615 women), according to periods of National Service and post-graduate experience, rising to £955 (men) and £858 (women). Promotion prospects to £1,570 (men) and £1,420 (women) with possibility of later increases to £2,200 (men) and £2,071 (women). Women's scales being improved under equal pay scheme. Particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 96/55. Completed application forms must reach him by July 15, 1955.

NATIONAL Coal Board invite applications for a superannuable appointment in the Staff Department at London Headquarters. The post will be in a Branch responsible for intelligence and advice on grade structures, rates of pay and hours of work of non-industrial staff throughout the Board's organisation, and the negotiation of such matters with Trade Unions. The successful candidate will be required to assist in this work, and in particular to advise on the economic and other aspects of salary policy, and to undertake special enquiries, using statistical and other data. Experience in similar work or knowledge of the coal industry, although useful, is not essential. The main requirement is ability to analyse complex factual material, both statistical and otherwise, and to draft clearly and concisely. Good academic qualifications, especially in Economics, would be an advantage. Salary will be according to qualifications and experience within a range £1,070-£1,470. Write, giving full particulars (in chronological order) of age, education, qualifications and experience (with dates), to National Coal Board, Establishments (Personnel), Hobart House, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1, marking envelope SS/13. Closing date July 20, 1955. Original testimonials should not be forwarded.

CONTINENTAL Department of internationally known Company (Mayfair Head Office) requires first-rate Commercial Executive. French and German are essential linguistic qualifications. This is a most rewarding position for an able negotiator who is versatile enough to take an interest in both the commercial and technical aspects of the Company's business, mainly connected with widely known textile process. Detailed applns. will receive careful consideration. Box 7983.

CHILDREN'S Service—Res. Housemaster req'd., to take charge of house for 44 boys aged 15-17 yrs., at Ardale (senior) Approved School, Stifford, Nr. Grays, Essex. Duties incl. assistance with leisure activities (incl. sports and recreations); supervision; some assistance with court-work and recovery of absconders. Applicants should either have been approved by H.O. for appointment as Housemaster or possess recog. qualifcn. (e.g. H.O. Res. Cert. Diploma in Youth Leadership, etc.); an unqualified candidate with adequate res. expce. of work might be appointed subject to H.O. approval. Salary: Within scale £439 17s. 6d.—£726 15s. p.a. acc. to age and/or expce., less a prescribed charge for board, lodging, etc. 8 weeks leave. Single accom. only. Further details and applic. form (s.a.e.) from Children's Officer (CH/A2/887), L.C.C., County Hall, S.E.1.

TUTORS in Engl. reqd. for Ital. boys. 5s. p. hr. Sydenham Hill area. Box 8123.

WESTMINSTER Hospital, St. John's Gardens, London, S.W.1. Psychologist (female) required for Psychiatric Department in this Undergraduate Teaching Hospital. Successful candidate will be employed partly with adults at main Hospital, partly with children at nearby Westminster Children's Hospital, Vincent Square. Experience of mental testing of children essential. Whitley Council conditions of service. Applications to House Governor within two weeks from publication of this advertisement.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIAN Broadcasting Commission. Director of Light Entertainment. Applications are invited for appointment to the position of Director of Light Entertainment at the Australian Broadcasting Commission's Head Office in Sydney. The successful applicant will be offered a contract, salary to be subject to negotiation. The appointee will be responsible for planning and supervising the A.B.C.'s light entertainment programmes throughout Australia, including variety shows and presentations by dance bands and miscellaneous musical ensembles. The appointee should have a thorough background of experience in light entertainment radio programmes as well as a sound knowledge of light and popular music in the dance band idiom and trends in modern broadcasting. The duties at present relate to sound broadcasting, but as the appointee may also be required to supervise television programmes, television experience is desirable. Applications, in duplicate, should state age and details of qualifications and experience and should be addressed to the Overseas Representative, Australian Broadcasting Commission, 54 Portland Place, London, W.1, to reach him not later than Friday, July 15, 1955.

B.B.C. requires Assistant in Music Programmes Department (Sound). Duties include building all types of music programmes (except Light Music), administrative work connected therewith and critical appreciation of new music and standards of performance. Applicants must be professional musicians with wide knowledge of general repertoire and current musical affairs. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 985/N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

STANLEY Royd Hospital, Wakefield. Appointment of Senior Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications invited for above position from persons holding certificate or diploma approved by Association of Psychiatric Social Workers. Candidates should have wide experience of social work amongst mentally sick people. Stanley Royd Hospital (2,000 beds) is a nurse training school for nervous and mental disorders, and there is a close liaison between the hospital and the Department of Psychiatry at the University of Leeds. Salary scale, at present under review, £560×£20 to £660. It is hoped that the University of Leeds will start a Course for Psychiatric Social Workers in the near future, and that this hospital will be approved to provide clinical facilities for students. Senior Psychiatric Social Worker would act as Teacher Supervisor to students when undergoing training in hospital. Salary would be revised accordingly. Possession of a car an advantage. National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations apply. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience, etc. and names and addresses of two persons for reference should be addressed forthwith to undersigned. W. Bowring, Group Secretary, Victoria Chambers, Wood Street, Wakefield.

DIRECTOR of Welfare Services: A vacancy exists on the staff of the Windermere Social Centre of the University of Cape Town Students' Health and Welfare Centres Organization. Salary £900 per annum, including in the case of married males £234 per annum temporary cost of living allowance. Candidates must be qualified by training and experience to take charge of the case work and club operations of the Centre, and must have adequate knowledge of conditions of life and work in South Africa. Apply in writing, not later than July 15, 1955, naming two referees, to the Secretary, Students' Health and Welfare Centres Organization, Students' Union, University of Cape Town, Rondebosch, C.P., South Africa, from whom a memorandum on the duties of the post may be obtained.

MINISTRY of Works: Assistant Inspector of Ancient Monuments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for at least four pensionable posts in London or Edinburgh. Age at least 23 on July 1, 1955. Candidates must have a University Honours degree and an enthusiasm for archæology, preferably with some practical experience. Interest in and knowledge of medieval or later buildings (particularly those of the Georgian period) and their contents, an advantage. The posts require officers physically fit for active duties. London salary, including extra duty allowance (where payable), £531-£955. Somewhat lower for women and for posts outside London. Starting pay may be increased for approved post-graduate experience and for compulsory Forces service. Promotion prospects. Further particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 447/4/55. Application forms to be returned by August 11, 1955.

LADY graduate, 24-33, wanted by postal college office in London; marking students' papers and other duties; some typing useful, shorthand not essential; occasional travel in England. Salary £9 10s. rising to £10 after six months. Box 8103.

BRITISH Council for Rehabilitation requires personal secretary/shorthand-typist; small office, interesting medical-social work. 9.30-5.30, no Sats, £8 p.w. Phone EUSton 4037.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—cont. on p. 906

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LANCASTER Moor Hospital, Lancaster (Regional Mental Hospital). Senior Psychiatric Social Work (with Mental Health Certificate) required to organise and expand the services within the hospital and at the psychiatric out-patient clinics in the area. Preference given to candidates with wide experience of mental hospital work. Salary (Whitley): £500 × £20 to £640 p.a. less £153 p.a. if resident. Applications also considered from unqualified P.S.W.s with suitable qualifications and experience. Salary (Whitley) £395-£610 p.a. Possession of a car desirable. Applications with details of qualifications, training and experience, together with names of two referees, to be sent to the Medical Superintendent.

LONDON County Council. Psychiatric Social Worker (basic grade) required at Brixton Child Guidance Unit, Brixton Water Lane, S.W.2, and at the Child Guidance Unit at Woodberry Down Health Centre, Green Lanes, N.4. Salary scale £470 (at age 27) × £15—£560 plus London weighting. Students at recognised training centres completing their training will be considered. Particulars and application form from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.I), The County Hall, London, S.E.1. (898)

J. LYONS & Co., Ltd., have vacancies in London for male and female graduate trainees in the following fields: Office Management; Cost Accounting; Organisation & Methods; Electronic Computers, Engineering, Programming, Operation; Labour Planning. Anyone interested is invited to write for an appointment to the Control Office, Cadby Hall, London, W.14.

"OLD People." Wanted, someone with flair for making life worth living for elderly, retired people, to act as Warden in experimental Hostel. Caters for 34 Men & Women, and is associated with another Hostel providing Nursing Services. Good residential district. Interesting post for someone with real insight into the problems of old age. Apply for further particulars (giving some details of age, experience, etc.) to Secretary, Old People's Hostel Association, 34 Stanley Street, Liverpool, 1.

LONDON County Council requires Assistant Home Help Organiser (temporary staff) for duty in first instance in the Battersea/Wandsworth areas of London. Energy and ability to manage staff required. Exper. in running a domestic help or similar social service desirable. Salary: £446 5s. × £31 17s. 6d. to £573 15s. commencing according to quals. and expce. Appln. form and details from Divisional Medical Officer, Division 9, Fairfield Street, S.W.18. Closing date July 9. (955)

SOCIAL work organisation, Bermondsey, requires experienced woman secretary (part-time, non-resident) in September. Knowledge of committee work and administrative ability desirable. Enquiries and further information from Time & Talents Assn., c/o 14 Newlands Avenue, Radlett, Herts.

SOCIAL Welfare Officer, woman, reqd. for voluntary organisation in Berkshire. Exp. in some social work essential. Box 7922.

BRISTOL Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs require from September, 1955, an assistant organizing secretary, man/woman. Practical club work and secretarial experience desirable. Salary £400 p.a., increments according to qualifications. Application forms and further particulars from B.A.M.C. & G.C., 10 Park St., Bristol, 1. To be returned within 14 days fr. this date.

THE Victoria Settlement, Liverpool, requires a Warden, man or woman, married or single. Candidates should be experienced in youth and community work. Salary for suitable person £600 to £700 per annum, according to qualifications and experience. Accommodation available. Applications to be sent to A. Johnson, 40a Kilshaw Street, Liverpool, 6, within two weeks of the appearance of this advertisement.

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified women for the post of full-time resident youth Leader in a mixed youth club in Chelsea. The post will be vacant in September. Salary £400 rising to £450 less small deduction for accommodation. Pension Scheme. For application form apply to: Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready Street, N.W.8.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Resident Assistant Matron required at Remand Home for 40 boys at Boyles Court, Great Warley, Brentwood. Responsible for linen, etc. Ability required in domestic work and supervision of routine work. Also required to help in supervision of boys. Experience in nursing and first aid an adv. Salary £350 × £15 to £410 less £108 for emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

WANTED, a young man with wide interests and practical ability as Assistant at Abbey Wells Children's Home, near Newbury. Able to distinguish freedom from licence and enjoy children, gardening, chores and all country activities. Take charge in Wardens' absence. Salary: £350 × £15—£410 p.a. less £108 p.a. for board and lodging. Application form from the County Children's Officer, The Castle, Winchester.

MALADJUSTED Children. Bodenham Manor School requires two young Assistant Housemothers. £150 × 10—£200 p.a., plus board, lodging and laundry. Apply with names of two referees, to W. David Wills, Bodenham Manor, Bodenham, Nr. Hereford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WEST Sussex County Council. A Housefather is needed at St. Christopher's Reception Home, Rustington, which accommodates 20 children in the age range 3-15. Applicants should have a real interest in the needs of children separated from their homes and particularly in the welfare and observation during a limited stay of children for whom a long term plan of care is necessary. The salary will be £395-£455 per annum, less £108 for board/residence. Preference will be given to applicants holding Home Office Child Care Certificate. Application forms and further particulars from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester.

SECRETARIAL Assistant required for research work in the field of social science. Diploma in social sciences or similar qualifications and experience an advantage. Varied and interesting appointment involving typing of reports and scientific papers and abstracting of social records. Starting salary within the range £335-£410 according to qualifications and experience. Application forms, to be returned within seven days, from Secretary, Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E.5.

OLD People's Welfare Organisation, North London Borough. Shorthand-typist required part-time, able to assist generally in social work. Replies to Box 8102.

APPEALS Organiser and General Secretary required for national youth welfare organisation (Anglo-Jewish). Good salary and prospects offered to capable and experienced man able to act on own initiative under guidance and with the support of influential committee. Essential qualifications include good organiser and administrator, good appearance, ability to minute meetings, general secretarial experience. Public speaking and knowledge of accountancy desirable but not essential. Applications with testimonials will be treated in strictest confidence. Hon. Sec., Central Maccabi Fund, Box No. 8106, New Statesman.

ORGANISER married woman wanted for paid part-time Social Work for Voluntary Association in Scotland. Must be available some evenings and able to travel easily, occasionally staying away overnight. Some knowledge of Committee Work. Apply, giving references and stating age, education, experience, to Family Planning Assn., 64 Sloane Street, London, S.W.1.

YOUNG lady as Book-keeper/Clerk for small friendly office in Central London. Simple book-keeping only, but applicants should be careful and accurate with figures. Hours 9.15 a.m. to 5 p.m., no Saturdays. Salary according to age; £7 4s. 6d per week at 21, £7 19s. 6d per week at 24. Apply with full particulars, stating age to Box 8107.

INTERESTING vacancy in busy friendly office near Charing Cross Main Line Station. Some shorthand-typing, reception work and duplicating (Roneo electric). Pension and luncheon voucher schemes. Salary according to experience. Write, stating age, experience, present salary, to Box 8104.

ADAPTABLE women to work as Temporary Secretaries, Shorthand Typists or Copy Typists. Salaries to £7 15s. for 30-hour week (10 to 5, no Saturdays). Longer hours at higher salaries if required. Sickness and holiday pay. The St. Stephens Secretariat, 2, Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, and 316, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Victoria. Tel. LON. 5397 and VIC. 5084.

SCHOOL Bursar (female). Good book-keeping (full set), office and administrative exper. essentl. Knowledge French and German an advantage. Commencing salary £364 p.a. plus full board and resid., increments of £20 p.a. to £500 p.a. Apply giving full partics. and refs. to Headmaster, Whittingehame College, Brighton 6.

SECRETARY (f.) required Sept., for busy Heads of Co-educational School. Considerable responsibility in community offering unusual variety of work and interest. Discretion and high standard of English required. Apply: Kenneth Barnes, Headmaster, Wennington School, Wetherby, Yorks.

FABIAN Society reqs. Secretary/shorthand typist, £6 5s. p.w. plus increments. 5-day week, 4 weeks' paid holiday. Interesting work. Applics. for half-time appointment will be considered. Apply in writing to General Secretary, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

ESTABLISHED puppet theatre requires assistant (m. or f.) willing to travel constantly. Training given, beginner considered. Assets (not all essential): cheerful disposition, unconventional attitude, good speaking voice, domesticated and willing to work hard. All expenses and high salary paid, 12 months' contract, board & lodging provided. Expd. driver preferred. Applications giving full details educ. and past activities to Box 7631.

SECRETARY (f.), sh/typg., knowledge classical music publishing. Box 8086.

£3/10s. wkly. for girl student needed to take chge. 13 yrs. old schoolgirl 10.30 a.m.-6.30 p.m. Mon.-Fri., July 26-Sept. 23. Wimbledon area. Replies answered on advertiser's return from abroad July 16. Box 7934.

SENIOR Shorthand-Typist, Textile Association, E.C.4. 9.30—5. No Sats! £8! Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

PART-time typing and other office vacancies exist at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, London, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BLUE Coat School, Point Hill, S.E.10 (on edge of Blackheath). Voluntary Aided Secondary School. Girls 13-17 yrs. Required for Sept. 1955 (the appointment might be held open until Jan. 1956 for a suitable applicant). Fully qualified Dom. Sc. mistress. The school provides Secondary education to the standard of G.C.E. for girls who intend to enter the Hospital or Nursery Nursing profession. Burnham Scale. London Allowance. Possibility of Special Responsibility Allowance. Application with copies of three recent testimonials to the Clerk to the Governors, c/o Principal, from whom further particulars may be obtained by telephone, TID. 1912.

POTTERY Assistant (Resident 30s. per week). For term of 18 months. Throwing experience essential. Apply Box 7993.

SAILAWAY Children's Community require one male, one female, student or teacher to undertake activities, woodwork, etc, boys, girls 6 to 12 years; able to drive advantage. Cadbury, Sailaway, Bosham, Sx. Bosham 3316.

COOK-Housekeeper in September for co-educational school (Junior Dept.). Catering numbers 60 mid-day, 30 other meals, training and/or experience essential. Salary £240 per annum. Apply, stating age, qualifications, experience and the names of two referees to the Housekeeper, Frensham Heights, Rowledge, Nr. Farnham, Surrey.

APPLICATIONS invited for resident Lady Cook. Small numbers. Congenial post with good salary. Jewish Convalescent Home, Harrogate.

SUMMERHILL. Juniors teacher, also house-mother wanted September. No testimonials. A. S. Neill, Leiston, Suffolk.

WANTED, working housekeeper with some nursing experience for old ladies, small flat Kingston-on-Thames. Box 8085.

LABORATORY Assistant (female) required for manufacturing chemists, N.W. London. Some experience essential. Box 8036.

SECRETARY/Shorthand-Typist to Director; also Junior Shorthand-Typist required by leading London Publishers, 5-day week, Staff Canteen, Pension Scheme, holidays this summer. Salary according to age and exp. Tel. CEN. 1525 for appointment.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

£15 weekly and some travel offered exp. lady secy. (27-37). London based. Secy. recepst. (under 35), also for lovely Scottish manor. Frequent shooting parties. Salary £10; less if cottage (for two) wanted. Call today. Executive Appointments, Ltd., 67 Wigmore St., W.1.

IF you need an efficient secretary, junior or senior, apply to the Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Lndn., W.1. May. 6626.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the hour, day or week. Generous salaries and bonuses. Holidays with pay. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

BOOK-KEEPER, accurate, reliable. Apply S. Caplan & Sons, Ltd., Wholesale Ironmongers, 447 Hackney Road, E.2.

CLERICAL Help, part-time. Office W.1. Knowledge P.A.Y.E. Box 8038.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EXPERIENCED import/export manager, P.S. educated, English, 41, currently manager import and technical company Singapore, seeks progressive position with well-established organisation operating or intending to operate S.E. Asia. Experienced in general merchandise incl. hardware, machinery, textiles, provisions, etc.; timber, hides, oilseeds; shipping, insurance. Languages: French, German, Urdu, Siamese, Malay. Prepared travel, undertake manufacturers' representation provided terms favourable. Advertiser, 17 Medeiros Bldg., Singapore, 1.

DANCE, Movement and Drama post, in progressive school, required by two-year trained Laban Art of Movement, fully qualified teacher. London area. Box 7923.

B.Sc. (Econ.), m., 27, fluent French & German, teaching exp., sks. worthwhile job with prospects, any hours, anywhere. Box 8019.

BIRMINGHAM. Sec. reqs. pt.-time work. Exp., efficient. Own typwrtr. Box 7994.

EXEC. (31) with architect wife seeks outdoor job avoiding eyestrain. Pref. S.W. counties. No agri. experience nor capital. Box 7968.

ENGLISH woman resident Munich, fluent German, teach (organise), sks. post anywhere c. July-Sept., travel agency, hotel, school, etc. Box 7746.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

EXPERIENCED secretary (German) wants post, preferably soon. Fairlands 7193.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

INFORMAL painting/sketching weekends, comfortable country guest house, moderate terms. Landscape, life drawing, films. Also music, dancing. "The Hallams," Shamley Green, Surrey. Bramley 306811.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Kathleen Batten's unique hotel where you find lovely food, every comfort and informal atmosphere. Sharpthorne 17.

PEMBROKESHIRE, comfortable accom., mod. cons., own bathing, fresh lobsters, farm prod. Thomas, Alandale, St. Davids.

BETTWS-Y-COED district. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort, Continental cooking. 7½gns. Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

IDEAL Holidays or Week-ends in unspoilt rural Essex, varied recreations, golf nr. Excellent table. Lic. Brochure: Lt. Bardfield Hall, nr. Braintree. Gt. Bardfield 241.

QUIET Farm Holiday in centre of beautiful Cotswold country, full board 5gns. p.w. Write for details to College Farm, Condicote, Stow-on-the-Wold, Glos.

CONNEMARA. Cottage by sea. 4 bedrooms. Atlantic beaches, mountains in background. Good food. Full board £3 10s., children half. Box 7988.

THE Slipway House, Port Isaac, Cornwall. Perfect for a restful holiday. Every comfort in charming old-world setting. Directly facing harbour, safe bathing, magnificent cliff/country walks, good touring centre. Garage. Terms 6½-8gns. 'Phone 264.

COUNTRY Guest House. Lovely Cotswold valley. Excellent food. 6 to 7gns Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Sea, cliffs, downs. Old Norton House. Sm. luxury hotel on famous old Green. Rms. of distinction; fine food; friendly atmos. 8gns. Broch. Tel. 3120. Prop: D. Chapman, M.P.

SMALL modern hotel overlooking sea White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex 'Phone Rottingdean 2614.

RESTFUL holidays, Country Guest House on lovely Herts-Essex border. Good food, home prod. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

CORNWALL. Ceildhe Guest House, Polruan-by-Fowey. Superbly sit., every comfort. Vacs. early July, Sept., Oct. 7gns.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal 5½-6½gns. George and Elaine Bonner, Penralit, Trefriw. Telephone Llanrwst 166.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position in lovely centre for Summer holidays. Rye 2216.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artists' house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

MOUNTAIN Guest House, families welcome. Walking, climbing. Good food. Hot water. Paul and Beryl Work, Sygun Fawr, Beddgelert. North Wales.

KESWICK, Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads. Beautiful views. first-class food. Anne Horner. Tel 508.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book. 3s. 6d., postage 3d Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126.

CORNWALL: In lovely, unspoilt country by Fowey River, 3 miles sea, modern comfort, notable food in Georgian manor house in own big grounds among green fields, enchanting woods. Fishing. Boating. Send for Brochure S. Penquite House Hotel, Golant, nr. Par. Tel. Fowey 124.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

HORSHAM.—Convalescence at Honeywood House, Rowhook, Horsham, Sussex. 'Phone Oakwood Hill 389. Ideal for rest and recuperation. Full nursing attention. Dietetics, Physiotherapy, Building and Slimming Diets. Beautiful country residence. Wireless every bedroom. Excellent cuisine. Apply brochure.

BEXHILL—Country hse. nr. sea, children welcome, terms mod. "The Thorne," Ninfield Road, Bexhill-on-Sea. (Ninfield 212.)

WRITER'S wife welcomes P.G.s, cottage, Fowey, Cornwall. 5½-6½gns. Breakfast and evening dinner. Box 7661.

PEMBROKESHIRE: nature-lovers welcomed; historic house, woods, lakes, farm; modern amenities; sea near all sides. Lockley, Orielton Nature Reserve, Pembroke.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds, sea front Gdns., Putting Green, Garages. Superlative food. 7gns. Summer 7½-9gns.

BEAUTIFUL countryside with comfort & good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex. (Eastbourne Line.) Horam Rd. 32.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

CORNWALL, Port Isaac (old-world Fishing Village). Carn Haven Guest House. Excel. food & comfort guaranteed. 5½/7gns. Brochure. Tel. 286.

KENT, wooded Downs, XVth-Cent. Farmhouse. 5gns. wkly. Kemp, Little Gains, Elmsted (Tel. 353); Ashford. Between Canterbury & Hythe, walking country.

PORTHCURNO, Cornwall. Fam. hols., sandy beaches, good food. Russell, 18 Manor Mans., N.W.3. PRI. 4068.

ITALY. Pens. "La Versilia," Forte dei Marmi (Lucca). Beaut. sea, mount. Exc. Ital. cuisine. Reas. CUN. 9379 bef. 9 a.m.

ALPINE Hotel Klausen, Unterschachen, Switzerland, offers splendid holidays in a most romantic mountain surrounding. Price per day: 12 Swiss francs. Family arrangements.

SPAIN: guests welcomed at country house. Beaches, sunshine, trout fishing. Particulars: Box 7414.

MEXICO in Soho: "The Chapingo" Espresso Bar. Eat South American style in comfort or meet your friends for coffee. Grills to 2 a.m.! Peter St. (off Wardour St.), Old Compton St. end. GER. 0203.

THE new 1955-56 edition of "The Good Food Guide", is now ready. Contains nearly 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price. Nearly a third of the entries are new. The standard goes higher every year. 5s. from all booksellers. Published by Cassell.

PERSONAL

LAST minute Continental holidays. Not mass-produced but individually arranged to all Continental countries; also rail and air holidays giving travel reductions with individual (not party) hotel arrangements. Special offers on Italy, Greece and the Holy Land. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd. (Department NS), 111 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. Whitehall 4114.

GREECE in Autumn. Ideal weather for cruising and bathing. Personally conducted tours. Rome—Athens—Mycenæ—Epidaurus—Olympia—Delphi — Crete — Rhodes —Naples. Sept. 1-24 and Sept. 29-Oct. 22. From 100gns. incl. Students 90gns. Olympic Tours, 25 South Molton Street. MAY. 4049.

CHILDREN'S Holiday in Devon. Of interest to parents unable to be with children during holidays. A large house and garden, specially equipped for children, good food, perm. supervision, within few mins. sandy beach. For details please write Similinter, Ltd., 32-34 Rupert St., W.1. GER. 1067/8/9.

DEVON holiday at minimum cost for family parties. Accom. large house 10 mins. sea Teignmouth. Adults £2 p.w.; children 25s. Similinter, 32-4 Rupert St., W.1. WHI. 6411.

SOUTH Devon, secluded coast; furnished two-bedroomed cottage or two adults as welcome guests. Box 8118.

SPAIN for the Harvest Festival. Personally conducted tour Barcelona, Sitges, Valencia, Granada, Malaga, Jerez, Sevilla, Torremolinos, Cordoba, Toledo, Madrid. 1st class hotels, coach, 2nd cl. rail. Sept. 3-23. 95gns. incl. Olympic Tours, 25 South Molton Street. MAY. 4049.

SPAIN, Majorca, Ibiza. 15 days from £34 10s. including travel, full pension, etc. Free Guide and programme from New Vistas Travel Service, Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. (Molesey 2105).

LAST vacancies Grand Austrian Tour by air and coach, July 30 to August 14. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

PARIS: 7 days for 11gns. inc. air travel. Yugoslavia: 14 days for 30gns. Vienna: 14 days for 26gns. Tour of Denmark: 14 days for 28gns. These and other holidays from Youth Holidays, 8 Gayfere St., S.W.1.

YOUNG couple going Switzerland by car August 25/Sept. 11 have 2 seats available. Box 8041.

TRAVELLERS abroad! Learn to speak the language of the country which you are going to visit on holiday or business. Short intensive Conversation Courses at the Mentor, 11 Charing X Rd., W.C.2. TRA. 2044.

BASQUE Tour: 15 days July 22, 20gns. approx. Few seats. Russell, 18 Manor Mans., N.W.3. PRI. 4068.

HOLIDAYS the "En Famille" Way in Austria, France, Germany, Holland.... "To get the best out of travelling is to learn to understand new customs, new ways of living, new ways even of thinking." Spend your holidays abroad in the interesting, friendly atmosphere of a private family. Ill. Broch.: E.F.A., 20 Buckingham St. W.C.2.

LOIRE Chateaux, Brittany: Join our fascinating coach tour, led by A. R. Milburn, M.A., of Cambridge University. July 30 to August 7, £37. Write now for full details, also of Hellenic Cruises and Art Tours to Spain, Sicily and Classical Italy to Academic Tours, 106, Kensington High St., W.8.

HOLIDAY painting & sketching: July 22-Aug. 7, for art-students (including beginners) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

SWISS Tour (Vevey-Locarno) July 23 to Aug. 6, air travel; Yugoslavia or Italy Aug. 28 to Sept. 11, partly by air. E.L.B. Tours, 154, Westbourne Grove, W.11.

PERSONAL—continued

RESEARCH Student (26, m.), lives London, will do (almost) anything earning £50 clear July-mid-August. Box 7960.

ENGLISH psychologist on vacation from abroad seeks small flat or room for August. London. Box 7959.

MEDICAL Prac. single-handed, Bristol, 1,550 units, growing, exch. for prtnrshp. or prac. London pref., pers. reas. Box 7954.

PARENTS, own boy 13, would offer happy perm. home to nice younger girl. Highest ref. Lyon, 37 Northway, London, N.W.11.

WOMAN graduate, social science certificate, shs. part-time work S.E. London. Preferably social work. 'Phone Lee 8121.

MIDDLE-aged lady living alone wishes to share her quiet country home in East Suffolk with another middle-aged lady wanting companionship. Nice garden; telephone and mod. conveniences. Please write Box 7885.

YOUTH (19), adaptable, anxious imbibe London culture July/September, seeks part-time work help pay piper. Anxious Film Studio work (not acting) but anything considered. Experienced second-violin, Symph. Orch. L. Marcus, 2 Frognal Lane, N.W.3.

YOUNG woman, editor 2 magazines (simultaneously!); some exper. P.R.O., now rested but still uncured desires interesting (pref. remunerative) new job. Box 7862.

STUDENT (m.) B.A. seeks interesting vac. work England or abroad. Tutor in Arts subjects. Anything considered. Box 7861.

PARIS, lady wants accom. with family, fortnight, late July. Box 8056.

ITALIAN coast. Prof. family, resp. girl, boy, invites teenagers, others, Aug. 20, 4 wks. Rolls brake, camp, Dunlopillo. £50 incl. Ditto 2 wks. July 17, 31, £7, chalet, farm Torbay. Tyrrell, 8 St. Peter's Sq., W.6.

LADY, early sixties, active, alert mind, offers some service in return for accommodation. Clerical/cooking (good cook). Suggestions welcomed. Box 8058.

COUNTRY week-ends Mickleham-Burford area. Friendly basis. Part modern suntrap house 5 mins. station. Overseas welcomed. Permanency considered. Dorking 4731.

READER in U.S. offers "N. S. & N." '49-'54 exch. cash/L.P. records. Box 8051.

FRENCH surgeon desires to place daughter, 16, with Eng. fam. havg. girl similar age. From July 20/25. Minim. 6 wks. Please state indemnity for board, etc. Write first in English: Plisson, 11 rue Cherche-Midi, Paris 6 (postage 4d.).

PARISIAN parents des. place bi-lingual daughter (18) with Eng. fam. dur. sum. hols. Au pair or approx. Can help with yng. children, teach French lang. Suggestions considered. Write in English: Plisson, 11 rue Cherche-Midi, Paris 6 (postage 4d.).

GRAMMAR School Girl 14 capable, cheerful, intelligent, seeks summer holiday employment at home or abroad. Anything considered. Exchange references. Box 7332.

ENGLISH students and others wishing to spend holidays or longer periods as paying guests with German families—moderate terms—please contact Marchant, 27 John Adam Street, W.C.2.

TECHNOLOGIST wishes join car hol. Yugoslavia pref. 3 wks. Aug. Box 8078.

SPAIN-Tangier-Lisbon 2 seats car leaving Aug. 21, ret. Sep. 11. Box 7858.

FREE seat offered in open tourer. 3 weeks S. France. July 28. Driving essential. Box 7900.

SEASIDE holidays for children. Picnics. Excursions. Every care. Thanet House School, 18 Callis Court Rd., Broadstairs. Thanet 62783.

ANGLO-French Holiday Centre in Taverny (near Paris) for young Jewish people from 13-17. All in cost £21 10s. for 15 days from August 10-24, plus £6 15s. return fare. Full details from British O.S.E. Society, 111 Stamford Hill, N.16. STA. 4540.

CAR going E. Italy via Lausanne, August, has room for driver. Box 7789.

BURGESS Hill School summer camp in Guernsey, August 2, for three weeks. 16gns. incl. air travel. Apply: Secretary, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. HAM. 2019.

MOTHERS take a complete rest this summer. Young foreign girls, willing to help with children, little housework in return for pocket money, available short/long periods. Same arrangements for English girls for Continent from 6-12 mths. only. Book now. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

HOSPITALITY & care for the aged or for convalescents. Garden, drawing room, central htng., lovely house. HAM. 2281.

EYESIGHT re-education. Refractive errors and squint treated by qualified Bates Practitioner. Doris M. Brock, 55 Hale Lane, Mill Hill, London, N.W.7. MIL. 2307.

VENICE, Florence, July 30, 3 weeks, 4 seats mixed group 12. 40gns. incl. S.a.e. 49a Primrose Gardens, N.W.3

PERSONAL—continued

FOR Men Only! New ideas in Beach, Swim and Leisure Wear. Call or send for new 1955 illustrated catalogue. Vince Man's Shop (N.S.), 5 Newburgh St., Foubert's Place, Regent St., W.1. GER. 3230. Open until 7 p.m. Thurs., and 5 p.m. Sats.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts future programmes and special membership terms for married couples obtainable from Sec., I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1gns. to 5gns. a box. One quality, the best! Write for Catalogue, Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. 'Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

GRUNDIG Recorder TK9 with accessories, bought March, unused, 20% off list price. HAMpstead 9384.

SPANISH gram./conv. by Br. writer, exp. teacher, at her W.C.1. flat. Box 8075.

COMMONWEALTH Club. Young men and women are invited to espouse a long-term cause. Please write Box 7835.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

HUMANISM is now an International Movement. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. Wes. 2341.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

RENT-Free room offd. responsible person exch. few supervisory duties flatlet has. Can follow own occupation. SHE. 1525.

GUITAR lessons, technique/theory/harmony. Few vacs. Chesnakov. FLA. 4354.

CHILDREN aged 3-8 welcomed in Somerset farmhouse all year. Good food. Genuinely fond of children. Mrs. S. Laver, Dower House, Butleigh, nr. Glastonbury.

FILM Production. Unique courses in the technique of live and cartoon Film-making. Heatherley Film Unit, 33 Warwick Square, London, S.W.1. VICtoria 6077.

"KNOW-HOW" means Writing Success for you. No Sale—No Fees tuition. Free N.2 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, W.1.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

ANY ideas? Writer genuinely needs advice not offers. Problem concerns American girl who wants work in Britain or Europe, 22, just graduated (Home Ec., Social Science, etc.). Intelligent, adaptable, no languages at present. All replies gratefully acknowledged. Write Box No. 649, Gordon House, Farringdon St., E.C.4.

ORDINARY Writing at 110-120 words per min. All langs. Test lesson 2½d. Dutton Speedwords NS 92/3, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

TYPEWRITER users needing speedy inexpensive repairs contact Regional Typewriter Service, 83 Edgware Road, W.2. PAD. 7732, who have a reputation for being helpful. Olympias and other good makes on easy terms. Good second-hand machines from £6.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

SCIENTIFIC character-delineation from Handwriting. Particulars, Box 7424.

MATHS for Matric., Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

DRESSMAKER-machinist, seven years' exp. in production of sample dresses, wishes to work film, theatrical or television studios as pers. asst. to designer. Box 7497.

ITALIAN (m.), aged 32, wishes spend 6 months in England to improve knowledge English. Willing to teach Italian or translate. Also good knowledge German & Spanish. Gian Carlo Achino, Via Frattini 12, Torino.

TWO brothers, at home week-ends only, would share with young couple their comfortable farmhouse in Holmwood area. Approx. share £5 10s. per week incl. rent, fuel, 'phone and cleaning. Box 8093.

MR. Robert St. John sees private and clinic patients for the Bates System of Visual Re-education in London and Liverpool. 72 Gloucester Place, W.1. WEL. 4042.

EYESIGHT improved without Glasses. If you have defective vision a qualified Bates Practitioner can help you. Miss Evelyn Sage, 76 Twyford Av., London, N.2. TUD. 4776.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms.

"THE Art of Seeing." Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist and author of "Good Sight Without Glasses," may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANgham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

PERSONAL—continued

ENTERPRISING Holidays: try something new this year and join our Norwegian Walking Holiday (August 9), an exploring trip of Italy by motor coach (September 3) or a cruise to Greece combined with six days in Capri (September 17). Details of these and other original holidays from Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

GHOST Writer wanted, preferably with knowledge Fascist party methods, to collaborate short story. Box 7170.

FALLEN Abyssinian cat, genuine hard luck story, must dispose of 2 Bohemian kittens, Mimi & Rudolph. Box 8030.

HOLIDAY Friendship Service—send stamp for programme to 48 Dalston Lane, London, E.8.

NEAR Cannes. Two-roomed cottage to let for school holidays at nominal rent to adult with child in return for part care of 9-year-old boy. Box 8014.

INSTRUMENTALISTS wanted for embryo orchestra in Hampstead-Golders Green district. Ring HAM. 6949 for further particulars and (or) appointment for audition.

BUS. executive lady, early forties, pleas. pers., driver, polygl., wd. share exp. car to S. Italy appr. from July 30. Box 8031.

ENGLISH woman 30's wd. like join small mixed party continental hol. any 2 wks. 18/7-22/8; sharing exs. 'Phone Rav. 4704.

GERMAN girl, 18, daughter of University Professor of Law desires stay with English family, preferably where daughter of same age. August-September. Board paid, or hospitality to English girl or boy offered in Germany, October-November. Box 7974.

ITALIAN Riviera. Young Poale Zion (Zionist Soc. Jewish Yth.) Summer Camp for 18-30's, July 31-Aug. 14. Hostel Accom. Kosher meat. Swimming in Grounds, Outings, etc. Few remaining vacs. Y.P.Z., 36 Wellington St., W.C.2. (TEM. 2218.)

WRITERS' Guild (International Writers' Fellowship), Founded 1939 to assist the New Author, Agency, Expert Tuition and Revisions. Raymond Buxton, Guild House, Ross-on-Wye.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WBLbeck 6655 for details.

P.S. Do not despair. There are still a very few vacancies in Harold Ingham's Summer Schools Abroad and an immediate enquiry to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow, may yet secure a place.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, GLA. 2987.

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO 9595.

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500. Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recording. Small Hall & Committee Rooms also available. Apply Sec., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1.

TECHNICAL Research Service. Scientific, Literary Consultants. Specialists research recondite subjects. Dutton's Sec. Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Tel. MUS. 7379.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 3 Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

COMPANY Meeting at mealtimes will be delighted by the piquancy of Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney. From all good grocers.

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FILMS: Now available free catalogue containing nearly 300 16mm films for hire from 12 countries, including International Classics. Contemporary Films, Ltd. (N.S.N.), 59 Frith Street, London, W.1. Ger. 9392-3.

GENTLEMEN Don't Buy. Have your shirts repaired as new. Moderate charges. New Cuffs 4s. 6d. New Collar and band 7s. 6d. Work of highest standard. Post shirt(s) for free estimate or send for full price list to Joanna, Dept. 32, 26 Southbourne Grove, West Southbourne, Bournemouth, Hants.

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CONTINENTAL Chef Swears by Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney, the key to meal-time magic. From good grocers everywhere.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

ENTERTAINMENTS

TH, Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. Tues.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30. Com. June 28, The Country Wife. Wycherley.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Wd., Th., Fr., Sat. Evgs. 6.30. Tues. & Sun. 7. Mat. Sat. 1.30. Mary Ellis, Mary Morris in "Mourning Becomes Electra." Membership 10s. yearly.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "Russian for Yes," comedy on Anglo-Soviet relations. Mems.

IRVING (Whi. 8657). Evgs. 10.30 ex. Mon., Sun. 9.30. D. P. Chaudhuri presents "Soho So What," London's Only Late Night Revue, prod. Joan Swinstead. Mems. 10s. yr. Every new member our guest for perf.

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until June 26: Becker's "Antoine and Antoinette" (A). From June 27: de Sica Session: "Miracle in Milan" (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., June 25. Marlon Brando, Teresa Wright in "The Men" (A). Open to public. 2.0, 4.0, 6.0, 8.0.

"BIRTH of a Nation." (D. W. Griffith). Filmshow, Sun. July 3, 7.30. Club International, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. Join now.

COME to W.A.S.U. End of Session Dance and dance to Dourado's Mamboleros. St. Pancras Town Hall, Friday, June 24, 7.30-11.30 p.m. Members 4s. Others 5s.

SUMMER (?) Dance; Folk Singers, Guitarist, etc. Hungarian Club, 33 Pembridge Square, W.11. Fri., July 1, 7.30. Bar. Ad. 2s. Kensington Assoc. for Peace. All welc.

MIDSUMMER Dance in agreeable surroundings. Don Raine Young Orchestra. Refreshments, members' bar, etc. Sat., June 25, 8 p.m. At S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Adm. 3s. 6d.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Dancing to the Don Simmons Jazz Quintet. Sat., June 25, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. Guests 5s. Membership invited.

GARDEN Party for Holiday Enthusiasts at Monkey Island Hotel, Bray-on-Thames, June 25, 3.30—6 p.m. Tickets 5s. incl. tea from Erna Low Travel Service, 47 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

CONCERTS

HAMPSTEAD Choral Society. Hampstead Parish Church at 8 p.m. on Thursday, June 30. Bach's Sing ye to the Lord; Vaughan Williams' Mass in G minor; and works by Purcell. Programmes 3s. 6d. at door.

WIGMORE Hall, Monday, June 27, at 7.30. The Goldsbrough Orchestra with Richard Adeney, Leonard Friedman & George Malcolm, conductor Harry Samuel. Triple concerti by Bach (A Minor & Brandenburg 5) & Krenek (1st Perf. England). 1st Pub. Performance in London of Skalkottas Ten Sketches for strings, also Suite for strings Purcell.

GUITAR Recital—John Williams. Conway Hall, Holborn, June 27, 7.45 p.m. Tickets: Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourn St., W.C.2. COV. 0754.

TWO Invitation Pianoforte Recitals by pupils of Dorothy Hesse, Wigmore Hall, Tuesdays, July 5 & 12, at 7: Tickets may be had at Box Office, Wigmore Hall, and Miss Hesse, 7 Culross Street, W.1. Stamped addressed env. must accompany all applics. by post.

KYNASTON School of Pianoforte (Leschetizky). Students' Invitation Recital at Lingfield Hall, Ridgway, Wimbledon Hill, Friday, July 1, 7.30 p.m. Details 21 Denmark Ave., S.W.19. WIM. 0168.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

IMPERIAL Institute, S.W.7. "Flowers of the Tropics." Paintings by Laura Fraser Lyon. June 16-29. Weekdays 10-4.30. Saturday 10-5. Sunday 2.30-6. Admission free.

YIVO, Yiddish Scientific Institute (British Section), 280 Euston Rd., London, N.W.1. Tel. EUS. 8483, is holding an Exhibition of selected Jewish Historical Records at the Anglo-Israeli Club, 43/44 Great Windmill St., London, W.1. June 27-30, 1955, 5-10 p.m. To be opened by Sholem Asch at 8 p.m., Monday, June 27. Adm. free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. First Exhibition in England of Sculpture by Emilio Stanzani. Paintings by William Goldsmith.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Pastels and Studies by Camille Pissarro. Paintings by Lawrence Gowing and Robert Medley. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

STRUCTURALIST Design by Hilaire Hiler, tectonic painting with contemporary furnishings. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: First London Exhibition by Kallos. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1, at 142 New Bond St., London, W.1. Until July 15.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of paintings by Angelica Kauffmann. Adm. free. Weekdays 10-7. Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. A Group of XXth Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Paintings by Bacon, Scott, Sutherland. Private view June 28.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Twentieth Century Paintings and Sculptures lent from Collections in England. Until July 2. Mon.-Fri., 10.30-6 p.m. Sats. until 1 p.m. Closed Suns. Adm. 1s. Mems. free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18, Old Bond St., W.1. Pissarro-Sisley Charity Exhibition with many pictures shown for the first time in England. Admission 2s. 6d.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Henry Moore drawings; Garbell paintings. Closing July 2.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings by Porobic.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: American Primitive Art, 1670—1954. Weekdays 11—6; Sundays 2—6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Works by Ben Nicholson.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Japanese Art. Daily 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

SLATTER Gallery. Exhibition Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St., W.1.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St., W.1. The Flamboyance of Italian Baroque Painting. 10-5, Sats. 10-1.

GIACOMETTI. An Exhibition of Sculpture, Paintings & Drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till July 9. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats., 10-6. Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

WORLD Socialist Movement (non-party) 1st Public Meeting. G. D. H. Cole: "The Crisis of International Socialism," Conway Hall, W.C.1, June 29, 7 p.m. Discn. opened by Fenner Brockway.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. June 8.15, Tuesday 28. Illustrated lecture: "The Mobile," by Kenneth Martin. Wednesday 29. Symposium: "Heroes and Hero Worship," special ref. to T. E. Lawrence. Speakers: G. M. Carstairs, Philip Toynbee, Peter Vansittart, Victor Willing. Chair: John Hayward. Mems. 2s., Guests 3s. Mems. invited.

CLUB 1933. Albert Einstein Memorial Mtg., Tues., June 28, 8 p.m., 1 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6. Spkrs. Dr. R. Suerth (Birkbeck Coll., Lon.) & Prof. Erwin Streundlich (St. Andrews Univ.). In Germ. 2s. 6d.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. "Preparing the Labour Party for the Next Century," Austin Albu, M.P., Wed., June 29, 7.30 p.m. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors welcome. 2s.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. Fri., June 24, 8 p.m. Mme. Devilliers: "Bolshoi Theatre and its Traditions." Fri., July 1, 8 p.m. A. Nove: "How should we study the U.S.S.R."

PERSONALIST Group. Discussion Social, jointly with the Personalist Club, at 10 Gees Court, W.1 (opposite Bond St. Underground). Buberian Dialogue between J. B. Coates and Bruce Wavell on "Does Morality Stink?" Charge 2s. 6d. incl. refreshments. Wed., June 29, 7.30 p.m.

CLASSICAL History, Soviet Work. Robert Browning, M.A. (visited U.S.S.R. Jan. 1955). Mon. June 27, 7 p.m., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & studs. 1s.).

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., June 26. Archibald Robertson, M.A., "World War or World Peace?" Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. July 2 at 6 p.m. Film: "To Live in Peace." Italian dialogue, English sub-titles.

POETRY Lovers, come to the Reciters Rendezvous, Laurie Arms, Crawford Place, Edgware Rd., W.1, every Friday, 8 p.m.

BAHA'I World Faith. 27 Rutland Gate, S.W.7. Meetings Thursdays at 7.30 p.m. "Possess a Pure, Kindly and Radiant Heart."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (near Holborn Tube Stn.), Thurs., June 30, 7.30. Bhagavad-Gita. All welcome.

YOGA. Lectures every Tues., 6.30. Seymour Hall, Seymour Pl., W.1. Arr. Shanti Sadan. June 28. "Happiness Through Yoga."

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Public Lect., Sun., 8, June 26: Special Meeting—U.L.T. Day.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15, Fri. July 1: Dr. T. N. Dave: "Dharma: Its Sources and Scope." 62 Queen's Gdns., Bayswater.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

THE College of Commerce, Bristol. School of Management Studies provide a full-time course, from Sept. 26, 1955-July 20, 1956, which includes a period of industrial experience. Comprehensive fee £20. Detailed prospectus from Registrar.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

NEWBATTLE Abbey Adult Residential College, is now open for applications from prospective students for session 1955-56, commencing October 3, 1955. The purpose of the College is to provide a suitable non-vocational education for adults over 18 years of age. It offers courses in English Language and Literature, History, Economics and Economic History, including Trade Union History, Philosophy, Psychology, Government and Political Theory, Human Relations in Industry, and aims to fit students to take their place as good citizens with a knowledge of our free heritage. There is also accommodation for short and weekend courses by arrangement. For further information apply to the Warden, Newbattle Abbey College, Dalkeith, Midlothian.

ALBERT Schweitzer College, Churwalden, Grisons, Switzerland. A Modern International Study Centre inspired by the life and thought of Albert Schweitzer. A balanced education in a democratic community. Courses, in both English and German, on philosophic and sociological problems, psychology, ethics and education. Language instruction by modern methods. Sport: Mountain-climbing, ski-ing, swimming, tennis. Three 11-week terms, October until June. Cost £79 per term inclusive, for board, lodging and tuition. Inquiries to Prof. H. Casparis, Albert Schweitzer College, Churwalden, Grisons, Switzerland.

ADV. and Ord. Level Courses for London University General Certif. of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree), also preparation for B.A., M.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), B.Sc.(Soc.), LL.B. and Diplomas, G.C.E. (all other Examining Bodies). Low fees, instalments. Prosp. from Registrar (70), University Correspondence College, Burlington House, Cambridge.

PSYCHOTHERAPY. The Institute of Child Psychology has a three-year Training Course for post-graduate men and women in Child Psychotherapy. The next course begins in September. Full details from The Secretary, 6 Pembridge Villas, London, W.11.

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Day and resident students. Canteen.

ABSORBINGLY interesting career for young men and women ambitious to succeed. Stenotyping (machine shorthand), quickly and easily learnt, is increasingly favoured by business houses, law courts, Government bodies, international organisations, etc. Good immediate remuneration and status. Demand for stenotypists now exceeds supply. Write or 'phone for prospectus of day and evening courses or call for demonstration. Palantype College, 229/231 High Holborn, W.C.1. Telephone: HOLborn 9162.

GUITAR tuit. Segovia style. Beginrs. crse., all ages. Brochure, Spanish Centre, 36 Cranbourn Street, W.C.2. COV. 0754.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (all examining Boards), London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Sc.Sociology, LL.B., B.D. Degrees & Diplomas; Law and Professional exams., mod. fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others, 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel. PARk 8392).

TYPING. Touch-typing in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton: FLA. 7967.

GENERAL Certificate of Education & B.A. General Degree Course. North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Road, N.W.5. GULliver 1154.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

SPANIARD, teacher, speaking English, offers to teach Spanish, privately or college classes. Write Maria Alvarez, 137 Tavistock Crescent, W.11.

SERBO-Croat. Systematic tuition for beginners. Rapid useful course, background information Yugoslavia, for tourists, journalists. Box 8005.

HOW to Assess and Develop Personal Qualities and Adaptation to Social Life. Three months' Training Course of interest to people concerned with the care of adults and children. Details from: The Laban Art of Movement Centre, Addlestone, Surrey.

THE Alexander Technique teaches you to free yourself of over-tension, nerviness, faulty breathing and postural faults (leading to back and foot troubles). Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Square, S.W.3. SLO. 3141.

JUDO Courses for Beginners. Apply Secretary, The Budokwai, 4 Gilston Rd., S.W.10. (Tel. KEN. 1540 after 3 p.m.)

EXPERT Tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte playing.—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

MADAME Lami, Italian teacher of Singing. Recently arrived from Italy. Bel Canto method. Extensive operatic experience. 10 Craven Hill Gardens, W.2. PAD. 7795.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

COLLEGE of Europe, Bruges. Applications are invited for the year's course of European Studies, 1955-6. Holders of State and County Scholarships with 1st or 2nd Class Hons. can apply for extension of grant to cover the course. For independent candidates the cost is about £375. Studies include Modern History, Law, Economics, Sociology, Politics and Geography and are relevant for international institutions, journalism and broadcasting as well as academic careers. Application should be made, with record, two testimonials and photograph to the Sec., College of Europe Committee, 47 Eaton Place, London, S.W.1, by July 9.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer Schools, Aug. 6-13: Oxford. Aug. 13-20: Farnham. Alan Birch, Maurice Cranston, C. A. R. Crosland, R. H. S. Crossman, Henry Fairlie, Douglas Houghton, Roy Jenkins, Ernest Jones, Richard Lowenthal, James MacColl, John Parker, J. Enoch Powell, Paul Streeten, A. J. P. Taylor, Fred Willey. Details: 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

THINKERS' Holiday Organisation. 1955 Summer School: "Democracy in the Atomic Age." Buxton, August 13-27. Speakers include H. J. Blackham, Prof. E. Devons, Prof. S. E. Finer, the Rev. G. J. G. Grieve, Wilfrid Harrison, Sir Will Lawther, Prof. H. Levy, D. A. Routh. For details apply to T. H. O., 8 Kenton St., London, W.C.1. Visitors from abroad especially welcome.

OXFORD Summer School of English Language, Life and Literature, St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, August 13-September 4. Application forms and particulars from the Secretary, School of English Studies, Manchester College, Oxford.

MODERN Architecture and the European Tradition, July 8-10—a weekend course providing an approach to contemporary styles in building. Details from the Warden, Missenden Abbey Adult Education College, Great Missenden, Bucks.

FEDERATION of Northern Art Societies. Painting School—Tutors: Robert Medley, assisted by Andrew Forge; at Sunderland School of Art—August 13-20, 1955. Fee: £4 15s. inclusive of board. Particulars from: Miss M. G. Cantrill, 46 Bullers Green, Morpeth, Northumberland.

HAWKWOOD, Stroud, Glos. Why not spend holidays in beautiful Cotswold country, every comfort and intellectual refreshment? Evg. Crse.: "How can we live constructively in the modern age?" July 30-Aug. 27, £7 7s.—£5 5s. wk. Write for details.

AN INTERNATIONAL course on self-education and joyous living will be held at The Burn, Glenesk, Brechin (Angus), Scotland, from July 17-30, 1955. Course, full board, 3 one-day excursions by private car to some of the loveliest places in Scotland, £19 10s. For further particulars write to the Tutor in Charge, Dr. C. Gattegno, 225, High Street, Hampton Hill, Middlesex.

OPERATIC Summer School, Beaumont Hall, Leicester, August 20-28 (Director: Sumner Austin) still has a few vacancies for students. Full details from National Operatic & Dramatic Association, 1 Crestfield Street, London, W.C.1.

ASSN. of Ballet Clubs. St. Mary's Gate School, Bournemouth, Aug. 6-13. Daily ballet and national classes under Mme. Lydia Kyasht; ballet films; lecture-demonstrations; "The Choice," 4-act ballet by Bournemouth Club. Incl. fee 7½gns. Enquiries: Miss Greenlaw, 95 Hornsey Lane, N.6.

DRAMA Summer School: Aug. 10-16 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; & "Creative Music Study Group" (Eileen O'Malley).

HOUSE Party Holidays with foreign language practice by the sea in Cornwall, Sussex or Wales. Dancing, tennis and excursions. From 7gns per week. Erna Low, 47 (HP) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. May 2 to September 16, 1955. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. For prospectus apply Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

ST. Peter's Loft, St. Ives, Cornwall Fine Art training studio and workshop. Peter Lanyon—William Redgrave—Terry Frost. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials Lectures. Accommodation arranged.

STUDENTSHIPS

COLEG Prifysgol Cymru, University College of Wales, Aberystwyth. Research Studentships in the Social Sciences. Applications are invited from graduates of any British or Commonwealth University for two Research Studentships in the social sciences. The Studentships (of an annual value of £300-£400 per annum) will be awarded for one year in the first instance but will normally be renewed for a second year. Applicants should state their proposed subject of research which should be within the fields covered by Economics (including Agricultural Economics), Economic and Social History (including Welsh History), Human Geography and Anthropology, International Politics, Political Philosophy and Law. Applications giving the names of two referees and addressed to the Registrar, should be received not later than July 23.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

CHAMBERS'S Journal. July 2*s*. Selected from the Contents: "Dawn Adventure": On "Devil's Island" convicts catch and export hundreds of thousands of butterflies every year. "Ship of the Desert": There is never a moment when a camel will not snap its master's arm off if it has the chance. "A Forgotten Waterway": None but the oldest Cornishmen remember the canal to which Bude owes its existence, without doubt the most ingenious work of its day. "The Vikings of Greenland": Leif's father, Erik the Red, founded a colony here at the end of the tenth century. Long homespun dresses, stockings, and hoods have been miraculously preserved in the frozen earth. "Native or Foreigner": Among trees, surprising foreigners are the plane-tree, sycamore, horse-chestnut, sweet chestnut, walnut, larch and fir. "Planes Work for Wool": New Zealand sheep farmers drop superphosphate on marginal land—an aerial top dressing for the mountain pastures. "Deserts are on the March": Deserts are advancing on a 2,000-mile front throughout three continents at 30 miles a year. "Science At Your Service": A new Floor-Covering; Simpler Cleaning; A new Fireplace; A Plug-in Electric Teapot for Motorists; A Rubber Dustpan.

"HUMANITY versus the Hydrogen Bomb," by Stan Birkett. 30-page pamphlet: 3*d*. Post free: 4½*d*. copy; 2*s*. 6*d*. doz.; 5*s*. 25. From I.L.P., 318 Regents Park Rd., N.3.

JUNE "Labour Monthly." Zero Hour Chance (R.P.D.), New Hope in Europe (Quaestor), At Bandung (Chou En-lai), Einstein's Place in History (J. D. Bernal, F.R.S.), Guatemala A Year Later (A. B. Magil), Maxton and the I.L.P. (W. Gallacher). "Guatemala"—Mural by Diego Rivera, 1st reproduction in Britain. Order 1*s*. 6*d*. all agents, or half-year's subscription 9*s*. from N.S., 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

"LOOK and Listen," the independent journal devoted to all aspects of audio-visual education, is now under new editorship and management. Voucher copy gladly sent on request to the publishers, 62 Doughty Street, London, W.C.1.

WANTED: Newsvendors, Agents, Bookdealers, etc., to sell American Socialist Weekly, "Labor Action," American Marxist Quarterly, "New International." Special prices, payment in sterling. L. G. Smith, 114 W. 14th St., N.Y.C., U.S.A.

BOOKS! Books! Books! Thousands of book bargains on all subjects, from all lands, at Collet's Giant Book Sale. Prices slashed—books must be sold! Sale extended into July. Weekdays 9.30-6 p.m. Sats. 9.30-4 p.m. Collet's Exhibition Hall, 45 Museum St., London, W.C.1 (1 min. from British Museum).

"THE Linguist," the language paper for experts and beginners, 13*s*. 6*d*. yearly, including postage to any country. Specimen copy 1*s*. "The Linguist," 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

"NATURE Cure from the Inside," by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8*s*. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

OCCULT and Health Books. Lists free N.K. Books, 28 (NS), Dean Rd., N.W.2.

BOOKS by Post. New, Out-of-Print, Rare. Bought/Sold. Staunton, Church Hill Cottage, Ringmore, Shaldon, Devon.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

BOOKS, second-hand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms; Libris, 38*a* Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

WE buy libraries of any description; Penguins, etc., book club & review copies; books, pamphlets on Socialism, C.I., Russia. The Hammersmith Bkshp., W.6. RIV. 6807.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

LONDON. York House, Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15*s*. daily.

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breafst, dinner opt. Moderate.

HIGHGATE, close tube. Luxury divan-room. New contemp. furn., fitted cpt., concealed ckr. Use k., b. 63*s*. MOU. 9610.

BOARDING Accommodation with social amenities for ladies and gentlemen under 35, from 47*s*. 6*d*. to 85*s*., partial board. Applic. forms and information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

TO Let from end June, sgle. and dble. divan-bed-sit. rooms, with partial board. Reas. MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

A ROOM in Bloomsbury for young woman, use kit. & bath. £2 10*s*. TER. 5770.

S. LONDON. To Let, July 25-Aug. 29. Flat S/C furn. New dec. 3 rooms., k., b., etc., tel. £4 10*s*. Box 7908.

BACHELOR would share spacious & comfortable flat, W.1. Own bedrm., share lnge., k/b. No restrictions. HUN. 0467.

TWO graduates invite 3rd (m.) to share a furnished flat, Finchley Rd. 45*s*. HAM. 9939 before 9 a.m.

ATTRACTIVE furnished room University area flats, £3 inc. bkfast., use kitchen, bathroom, gas, phone. Ring MUS. 8170.

ACCOMMODATION—*continued*

GOLDERS Green, 15 Park Drive, N.W.11. 2 comf. furn. newly decor. sunny B/S rms. overlooking garden, one balcony; fully furn. and equipped kit./dining rm., own 'phone, use bathrm. Const. hot w. Linen provided. 5 mins. Golders Green Tube/Bus st. and Heath, 1 min. 210 'bus, ½ min. Park. 5*gns*. p.w. the 3 rms. Suit 2 prof. or bus. women. 'Phone Miss Hubback, MEA. 3951.

DELIGHTFUL lge. B/S. rm. St. John's Wood, priv. entr., priv. W.C., ckng. facils., gdn., gas & elec. £3 5*s*. Box 8101.

ATTRACTIVE furn. room in quiet square, running water, cooker. 25 mins. Piccadilly. 'Phone evgs. RIV. 8920.

N.W.3. Nr. Tube, furn. b/s. rms., ev. con., one with cooker, h. & c. Mod. PRI. 3560.

TO let. Bed-sitting room near Chalk Farm, in mod. block. C. H., H.W., use Kit. Ladies only. £3 p.w. PRI. 0735.

TWO newly dec. well-furn. single bed-sit. rms. C.H., all con., meals opt. Well-connected. 'Phone MAI. 8796 after 6.30 p.m.

TWO girls seek another for large flat. BAY. 3757 before 9.30 a.m.

BUSINESS woman offered furnished sunny bedroom—lovely outlook facing river, gas-fire, ring, use bath/kitchenette. Linen. 2½*gns*. p.w. Apply RIC. 0973 after 7 p.m.

SINGLE divan-room, 3 min. Hampstead Tube; use kit., gdn. HAM. 6086 evg.

CENTRAL London. Furn. room in mod. flat. Use bathrm., tel. Some ckg. facs. Central htg., h. & c. Daily cleaner. £3 3*s*. Suit professional man. Box 7737.

OVAL: vacancy to share s/c flat with 2 young f. grads. Own large bed-sit. 'Frig. 'Phone. £2. REL. 4990 evgs.

TO let, lovely rooms. Refs. essential. 'Phone GLAdstone 1287.

S/C. St. John's Wood flat to let, July 22-Aug. 14, 1-2 persons. Box 7967.

COMFORTABLE room in modern house, Muswell Hill, own basin (h. & c.) & cooker, offered in exchange for part-time domestic help and baby-sitting (hours by arrangement). TUDor 1731.

FURNISHED lge. B/S., kitchen adj., use bath & elec. £3 3*s*. N.W.1. Box 7955.

CHISWICK. Lge. pleasant rm. with bkfst.; other meals may be arranged. CHI. 0995.

HIGHGATE Wds. Beaut. divan-room, 2*gns*. single, £3 double. TUDor 8207.

FURNISHED room to let near London University, suit student. 'Phone in house. 25*s*. p.w. Box 8048.

EXCHANGE cottage in picturesque Bucks. village, very comf., sleep 3, for similar accom. seaside 2 wks. Aug. Box 7962.

ISOLATED Cottage Surrey to let £3 3*s*. p.w., hols./longer by arrang. Box 7965.

TO let, large comfortable caravan, completely alone on farm near Wrotham. Wonderful views. Low rent for long let or would sell. Box 7966.

NORFOLK coast, all-electric rural country cottage, sleeps 8, also bungalow, sleeps 4, vacant to July 30/after Sept. 10; mod. terms. 89 King Street, Norwich.

SUSSEX. Rooms with kitchen in farmhouse to let. All conveniences, shooting, fishing, delightful scenery, garage. 4½*gns*. Box 7787.

SOLE caravan, Somerset garden, 3-berth. All cons. 14 miles South Coast. 4-5*gns*. Tent (2 beds) also available. Box 7834.

CARAVAN to let, exclusive farm site, nine miles sea. Bus. Mrs. Humber, College Farm, Spit Handle, Steyning, Sx.

MILL near Suffolk coast. Delightfully furnished for six, would hold more. H. & C. Playroom. Golf. Sea/estuary sailing. 15*gns*./10*gns*. p.wk. Sept. only. Box 7751.

WOMAN painter urg. needs large semi-fur. room, own divan. Cent. London essent. Ckg. fac. 30*s*. max. Refs. Box 7963.

BLOOMSBURY. Young writer seeks quiet, cheap garret, unfurn. pref. Box 7919.

AFRICAN (m.) sks. fur. room W.9, N.W.8 or sim. distance W.1. Box 8133.

ACCOMMODATION—*continued*

ARCHITECTURAL student and wife require well-furn. flatlet/accom., Hampstead. Reas. rent. Refs. if rqd. Box 8063.

YOUNG woman aged 22 seeks accommodation in flat with two or more others, easygoing and adaptable. KEN. 4577.

CAN anyone offer Artist 2 very lge. rms., studio or lge. flat at reas. rent. Not more than £3 p.w. unfurn. Willing to pay some rent in advance. No restrics. Box 7797.

UNIVERSITY man, early 30s, requires accommodation with board, preferably in St. John's Wood or Maida Vale. Can provide own furniture if necessary. Box 7958.

YOUNG Sculptor/Instructor, wife & infant need space for conceptions artistic & physical. Unfurn. London flat with rm. for own portable garage wkshp. ideal. Wd. sh. whole hse. with sculptor friend & wife. Not rich but willing dec. Non Bohemian. Box 7805.

PROF. woman reqs. 2 unfurn. rms. pref. private house, used mainly hols. Wilts/Dorset neighbourhood, Lewis, Bedgebury Pk., Goudhurst.

REQUIRED by two professional women unfurnished flat or maisonette 3/4 rooms, K/B, in S.W.1 or N.W. London. Box 7982.

GRADUATE (recent) sks. share flat with one or more or join ménage. Box 8003.

UNIVERSITY Lecturer (single) needs (pref.) unfurn. accom. in/nr. Glasgow Sept. 1. Overton, 73 Dallas Rd., N.W.4.

COUNTRY or seaside cottage, windmill, lighthouse or other habitation required for 2, 3 or 4 weeks between Aug. 13 and Sept. 10. Two adults, 3 kids, clean but not over-obsessional. Will pay current market price (in advance). Apply: Dr. S. Taylor, Governor's House, Holloway Prison, London, N.7.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

HAMPSTEAD. Semi-basement flat, furnished, July, August, September, double bedroom, sitting-room, with divan, kitchen with bath. 3½*gns*. weekly. PRI. 2144.

BLACKHEATH. 3 room furnished flat, tel., £2 10*s*. p.w., would suit prof. couple. Available August. Box 8002.

LARGE English family now overseas seeks acc. Cambridge or vicinity for Oct. Long/short let or will buy. Box 7608.

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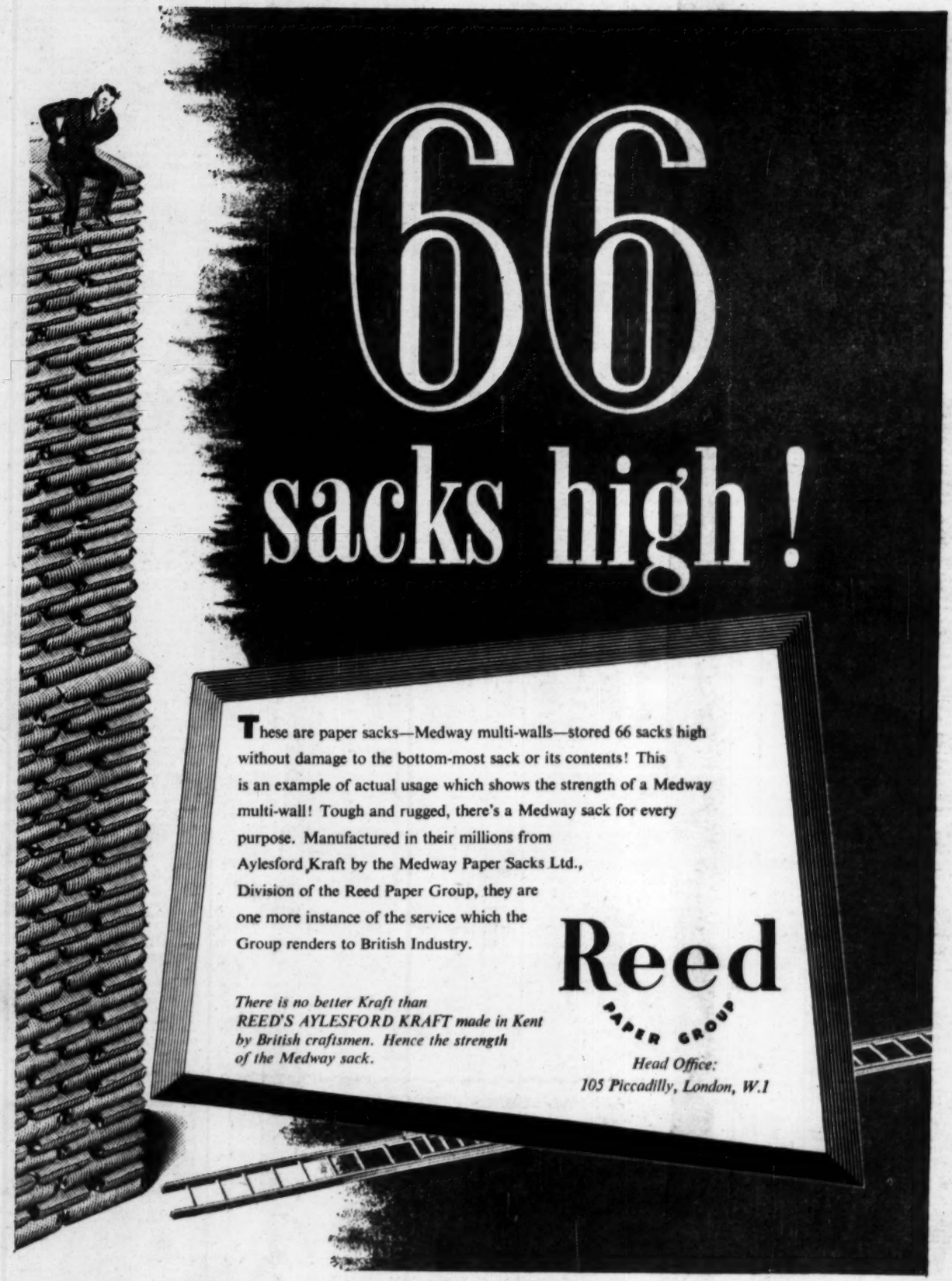
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